

OTHELLO,

THE

Moor of Venice.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it hath been divers times Acted at the
Globe, and at the *Black-Friers*:

And now at the

Theatre Royal,

BY

HIS MAJESTIES SERVANTS.

Written by *William Shakespear*.

L O N D O N ,

Printed for *Richard Bentley* and *S. Magnes* in *Russel-Street* near
Covent-Garden, 1687.

O T H E R I O

M O D E L O F A G E N C Y

K I D G A L L

A S I T H E S P E C I A L D I V I S I O N T H E A G E L O F T H E

C O M M U N I T Y O F T H E P R O P E R T Y

W H I C H W O R K S T H E

I N D U S T R I E S

S H A R E D B E T W E E N

W H I C H D O E S N O T

E A S Y I L D M

B U I L D I N G T H E P R O P E R T Y O F T H E C O M M U N I T Y

C O M M U N I T Y

**A Catalogue of some Plays Printed for R. Bentley,
and S. Magnes, in Russel-Street, near
Covent-Garden.**

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Desdemona.
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Desdemona, Daughter of Brabantio.
Wife to her Husband.
Wife to her Husband.
Eulalia, or the Moor's Drama.
Desdemona's Husband.

A Collection of Some Plays Printed for R. Billingsley
Dramatis Personæ.

The Duke of Venice.	Mr. Lydal
Brabantio, & Magnifico, Father to Desdemona.	Mr. Cartwright.
Gratiano, his Brother.	Mr. Griffin.
Lodovico, their Kinsman.	Mr. Harris.
Senators.	All Mankind.
Othello, the Moor, General of the Army in Cyprus.	Mr. Hart.
Cassio, his Lieutenant-General.	Mr. Kynaston.
Jago, Standard-bearer to the Moor, a Villain.	Mr. Mohan.
Roderigo, a foolish Gentleman that follows the Moor in hopes to Cuckold him.	Mr. Beeston.
Montanio, the Moor's Predecessor in the Government of Cyprus.	Mr. Warow.
Clown, Servant to the Moor.	Mr. Haynes.
Officers.	Officers.
Gentlemen.	Mr. Cox.
Messenger.	Mrs. Rutter.
Musicians.	Mrs. James.
Herald.	
Desdemona, Daughter to Brabantio, and Wife to the Moor.	
Emilia, Wife to Jago.	
Blanche, Cassio's Wench.	
Attendants.	

Scene Cyprus.

O (I) H P O

OTHELLO, THE MOOR of VENICE.

Enter Jago and Roderigo.

Rod. **T**ulsh; Never tell me, I take it much unkindly,

That thou who hast had my Purse,

As if the strings were thine, should'st know of this.

Jag. But you'l not hear me.

If ever I did dream of such a matter, abhor me.

Rod. Thou toldst me, thou didst hold him in thy hate.

Jag. Despise me if I do not: three great ones of the City
In personal suit to make me his Lieutenant,

Oft capt to him, and by the faith of man,

I know my price, I am worth no worse a place.

But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,

Evades them, with a bumbast circumstance,

Horribly stufft with Epithetes of war:

Non-suits my Mediators: for *Certes*, (says he)

I have already chose my Officer, and what was he?

Forsooth, a great Arithmetician,

One *Michael Cassio*, a Florentine,

A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife,

That never set a squadron in the field,

Nor the division of a battle knows,

More than a Spinster, unless the bookish Theorique,

Wherein the tongued Consuls can propose

As masterly as he: meet prattle without practice,

Is all his Souldier-ship: but he, Sir, had the election,

And I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof,

At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds,

Christn'd and Heathen, must be be-leed and calm'd,

By Debitor and Creditor, this Counter-Caster:

He (in good time) must his Lieutenant be,

And I, Sir (bles the mark) his Mooreships Ancient.

OTHELLO,

Rod. By heaven I rather would have been his hangman.

Jag. But there's no remedy,

'Tis the curse of service,
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
Not by the old gradation, where each second
Stood air to the first:
Now Sir be judge your self,
Whether I, in any just tearm am affin'd
To love the Moor?

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Jag. O Sir, content you,
I follow him to serve my turn upon him,
We cannot all be Masters, nor all Masters
Cannot be truly followed, you shall mark
Many a dutious knee-crooking Knave,
That (doting on his own obsequious bondage)
Wears out his time much like his Masters Alle,
For nought but Provender, and when he's old cashier'd,
Whip me such honest knaves: *you had stnd evew nowt and I*
Others there are, *when I hove up aginst em* *and I*
Who trim'd in forms and vissages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts, attending on themselves, *and do merv lib I rove*
And throwing but shews of service on their Lords, *em libby, not T*
Do well thrive by 'em,
And when they have lin'd their coats, *and so elan ce tis* *and I*
Do themselves homage,
Those fellows have some soul,
And such a one do I profess my self,—*for Sir, we alayn as*
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Jago:
In following him, I follow but my self.
Heaven is my judge, not I,
For love and duty, but seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act, and figure of my heart,
In complement externe, 'tis not long after,
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve,
For Daws to peck at,
I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick lips owe,
If he can carry't thus?

Jag. Call up her father,
Rowle him, make after him, poysen his delight,
Proclaim him in the street, infence her Kinsmen,
And tho' he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies: tho' that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation out,

the Moor of Venice.

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As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her fathers' house, I'll call aloud,

Jag. Do with like timerous accent, and dire yell,
As when by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous Cities.

Rod. What ho, Brabantio, Signior Brabantio, ho!

Jag. Awake, what ho, Brabantio,
Thieves, thieves, thieves :
Look to your house, your Daughter, and your Bags,
Thieves, thieves.

Brabantio at a Window.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons ?
What is the matter there ?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within ?

Jag. Are your doors lockt ?

Bra. Why, wherefore ask you this ?

Jag. Sir you are rob'd, for shame put on your Gown ;
Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul ;
Even now, very now, an old black Ram
Is tupp'ing your white Ewe ; arise, arise,
Awake the snorting Citizens with the bell,
Or else the Devil will make a Grandsire of you, arise I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits ?

Rod. Most reverend Signior, do you know my voice ?

Bra. Not I, what are you ?

Rod. My name is Roderigo.

Bra. The worse welcome,
I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors,
In honest plainness, thou hast heard me say
My daughter is not for thee, and now in madness,
Being full of supper, and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet ?

Rod. Sir, sir, sir.

Bra. But thou must needs be sure
My spirit and my place have in them power,
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience good, Sir,

Bra. What, tell'st thou me of robbing ? this is Venice.
My house is not a graunge.

Rod. Most grave Brabantio.

In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Jag. Sir you are one of those, that will not serve God, if the Devil bid
you. Because we come to do you service, you think we are Russians,
you'l have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse ; you'l have your Ne-
phews neigh to you ; you'l have Courisers for Cousens, and Gennets for Germans.

Bra. What prophane wretch art thou ?

OTHELLO,

Jag. I am one Sir, that come to tell you, your Daughter and the Moor,
are now making the Beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a Villain.

Jag. You are a Senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer, I know thee Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing: But I beseech you,
If't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,
(As partly I find it is) that your fair daughter
At this odd even, and dull watch o'th'night,
Transported with no worse nor better guard,
But with a knave of common hire, a Gundelier,
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor :
If this be known to you and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and sawcy wrongs,
But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We have your wrong rebuke: Do not believe
That from the sense of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your Reverence.
Your daughter (if you have not given her leave,
I say again) hath made a gross revolt,
Tying her duty, beauty, wit and fortunes,
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger,
Of here, and every where: Straight satisfie your self;
If she be in her Chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the State,
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, Ho:
Give me a taper, call up all my people:
This accident is not unlike my dream,
belief of it oppresses me already,
Light I say, light.

Jag. Farewel, for I must leave you,
It seems not meet, nor wholsom to my place,
To be produc'd (as if I stay I shall,)
Against the Moor, for I do know the state,
(How ever this may gaul him with some check)
Cannot with safety cast him, for he's imbark'd,
With such loud reason, to the *Cyprus Wars*,
(Which even now stands in act) that for their souls,
Another of his fathome, they have none
To lead their business, in which regard,
Tho' I do hate him as I do hell's pains,
Yet for necessity of present life,
I must shew out a flag, and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign, that you shall surely find him
Lead to the Sagitary the raised search,
And there will I be with him. So farewell.

[Exit.
Enter

the Moor of Venice.

5.

*Enter Brabantio in his Night-gown, and Servants.
with Torches.*

Bra. It is too true an evil, gone she is is,
And what's to come of my despised time,
Is nought but bitterness now *Roderigo*,
Where didst thou see her? O unhappy girl!
With the Moor faist thou? who would be a father?
How didst thou know 'twas she? (O she deceives me
Past thought,) what said she to you? get more tapers,
Raise all my kindred, are they married think you?

Rod. Truly I think they are.

Bra. O heaven, how got she out? O treason of the blood;
Fathers from hence, trust not your daughters' minds,
By what you see them act: is there not charms,
By which the property of youth and manhood
May be abus'd? have you not read, *Roderigo*,
Of some such thing.

Rod. Yes Sir, I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my Brother. O would you had had her,
Some one way, some another; do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think I can discover him, if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you lead on, at every house I'll call,
I may command at most: get weapons ho,
And raise some special Officers of might:
On, good *Roderigo*, I'll deserve your pains.

[Exeunt.

Enter Othello, Jago, and Attendants with Torches.

Jag. Tho' in the trade of war, I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o'th' conscience,
To do no contriv'd murther; I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me service: nine or ten times
I had thought to have jerk'd him here.
Under the ribs.

Oth. 'Tis better as it is.

Jag. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour, that with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him: but I pray sir,
Are you fast married? For be sure of this,
That the Magnifico is much beloved,
And hath in his effect, a voice potential,
As double as the Dukes, he will divorce you,
Or put upon you what restraint, and grievance,
The law (with all his might, to inforce it on,)

Will

We'll give him Cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite,
My services which I have done the Signiorry,
Shall out-tongue his complaints; 'tis yet to know,
Which when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate, I fetch my life and being
From men of royal height, and my demerits
May speak unbonneted as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd; for know, *Tago*,
But that I love the gentle *Desdemona*,
I would not my unhoused free condition,
Put into circumscription and confine
For the seas worth, *Enter Cassio with lights, Officers, and Torches.*
But look what lights come yonder?

Jago. These are the raised Father and his Friends,
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I, I must be found,
My parts, my Title, and my perfect soul,
Shall manifest my right by: is it they?

Jago. *Fanus* I think no.

Oth. The Servants of the Duke, and my Lieutenant,
The goodness of the night upon you (friends),
What is the news?

Cass. The Duke does greet you (General)
And he requires your haste, post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.

Oth. What's the matter, think you?

Cass. Something from *Cyprus*, as I may divine,

It is a business of some heat, the Galleys

Have sent a dozen sequent messengers

This very night one at another's heels:

And many of the Consuls rais'd and met,

Are at the Dukes already; you have been hotly call'd for,

When being not at your lodging to be found,

The Senate sent above three several quells

To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you,

I will but spend a word here in the house, and go with you.

Cass. Antient, what makes he here?

Ta. Faith, he to night hath boarded a land Carriac,

If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cass. I do not understand.

Ta. He's married.

Cass. To whom?

the Moor of Venice.

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Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, and others with Lights
and Weapons.

Ja. Marry to — Come Captain, will you go?

Oth. Ha' with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Ja. It is Brabantio, General be advis'd,

He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Holla, stand there.

Rod. Seignior it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief.

Jag. You Roderigo, come Sir, I am for you.

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust 'em,

Good Seignior you shall more command with years

Then with your Weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief, where hast thou stowed my daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her,

For I'le refer me to all things of sense.

(If she in chains of magick were not bound)

Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,

So opposite to marriage that she shun'd

The wealthy curled darlings of our Nation,

Would ever have (to incur a general mock)

Run from her gatdage to the footy Bosome

Of such a thing as thou ? to fear, not to delight :

Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense,

That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms,

Abus'd her delicate youth with the drugs or Minerals,

That weakens motion : I'le have't disputed on ;

'Tis portable and palpable to thinking ;

I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,

For an abuser of the world, a practiser

Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant.

Lay hold upon him, if he do resist,

Subdue him at his Peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,

Both you of my inclining and the rest :

Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it,

Without a prompter, where will you that I go,

To answer this your charge ?

Bra. To prison, till fit time

Of Law, and course of direct Session

Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey ?

How may the Duke be therewith satisfied,

Whose Messengers are here about my side,

Upon

Upon some present business of the State,
To bear me to him.

Officer. 'Tis true most worthy Seignior,
The Duke's in Council, and your noble self
I am sure is sent for.

Bra. How? the Duke in Council?
In this time of night? bring him away;
Mine's not an idle cause: the Duke himself,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own.
For if such Actions may have passage free,
Bondslaves, and Pagans shall our Statesmen be. [Exit.]

*Enter Duke and Senators, set at a Table, with lights,
and Attendants.*

Duke. There is no composition in these news,
That gives them credit.

1 Sen. Indeed they are disproportioned,
My letters say, a hundred and seven Gallies.

Du. And mine a hundred and forty.

2 Sen. And mine two hundred:
But though they jump not on a just account,
(As in these cases, where they aim reports,
'Tis oft with difference,) yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Du. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment:
I do not so secure me to the error,
But the main Article I do approve
In fearful sense.

[Enter a Messenger.]

One within. What ho, what ho, what ho?

Officer. A messenger from the Galleys.

Du. Now, the busines?

Sailor. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes,
So was I bid report here to the State, by Seignior Angelo.

Du. How say you by this change?

Sen. This cannot be by no assay of reason—
'Tis a Pageant,

To keep us in false gaze: when we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk:
And let our selves again but understand,
That as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
Who altogether lacks th'abilities

That Rhodes is drest in: if we make thought of this,
We must not think the Turk is so unskilful,

the Moor of Venice.

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To leave that latest which concerns him first;
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
To wake and wage a danger profitless.

Du. Nay, in all confidence he's not for Rhodes.

Officer. Here is more news.

[Enter a 2d. Messenger.

Mef. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course, toward the Isle of Rhodes,
Have there enjoynd them with an after fleet.

I Sena. I, so I thought, how many, as you guess?

Mef. Of 30 sail, and now they do restern

Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes towards Cyprus: Seignior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant Servitor,
With his free duty recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Du. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus,
Marcus Luccicos is not he in town?

I Sena. He's now in Florence.

Du. Write from us to him post, post haste dispatch.

[Enter Brabantio, Othello, Roderigo, Iago, Cassio, Desdemona, and Officers.

I Sena. Here comes Brabantio and the valiant Moor.

Du. Valiant Othello, we must strait employ you,
Against the general enemy Ottoman;
I did not see you, welcom gentle Seignior,
We lackt your counsel, and your help to night.

Bra. So did I yours, good your Grace pardon me,
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of businels
Hath rais'd me from my bed, nor doth the general care
Take hold of me, for my particular grief
Is of so floodgate and o're-bearing nature,
That it engluts aed swallows other sorrows,
And it is still it self.

Du. Why? whats the matter?

Bra. My daughter, O my Daughter.

All. Dead?

Bra. I to me:

She is abus'd, stoln from me and corrupted,
By spels and medicines, bought of Mountebanks,
For nature so preposterously to err,
(Being not deficient, blind or lame of sense,)
Sans witchcraft could not.

Du. Who e're he be, that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of her self,
And you of her, the bloody book of Law,

C

You

OTHELLO,

You shall your self read in the bitter letter,
After its own fense, yea tho' our proper son
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your Grace,
Here is the man, this Moor, whom now it seems
Your special Mandate, for the State affairs,
Hath hither brought.

All. We are very sorry for't.

Du. What in your own part can you say to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave and reverend Seigniors,
My very noble and approv'd good Masters:
That I have tane away this old man's daughter,
It is most true: true, I have married her,
The very head and front of my offending,
Hath this extent no more. Rude I am in my speech,
And little blest with the set phrase of peace,
For since these arms of mine had seven years pith,
Till now some nine months waffled, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feasts of broyls, and battail,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for my self; yet by your gracious patience,
I would a round unravish'd tale deliver,
Of my whole course of love, what drags, what charms,
What Conjuration, what mighty magick,
(For such proceedings am I charg'd withal:) I won his Daughter.

Bra. A Maiden never bold,
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blusht at her self; and she in spight of Nature,
Of Years, of Country, Credit, every thing,
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on?
It is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect,
That will confess, perfection so would err.
Against all Rules of Nature, and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be, I therefore vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerful o're the blood,
Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Du. To vouch this is no proof,
Without more certain and more overt test,
These are thin habits, and poor likelihoods,
Of modern seemings you prefer against him.

i Sena. But Othello speak,

Did

Did you by indirect and forced courses,
Subdue and poison this young Maids affections?
Or came it by request, and such fair question,
As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you, send her hither now
Send for the Lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her Father;
If you do find me foul in her report,
The Trust, the Office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Du. Fetch Desdemona hither. [Exeunt two or three.

Oth. Ancient conduct them, you best know the place,
And till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present,
How I did thrive in this fair Ladies love,
And she in mine.

Du. Say it, Othello.
Oth. Her Father loved me; oft invited me,
Still question'd me the Story of my life,
From year to year, the battels, seiges, fortunes
That I have past,
I ran it through even from my boyish days,
To th' very moment that he bid me tell it:
Wherein I speak of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth scapes i'th' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent fo,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence;
And portance in my travels history
Wherein of Antars vast, and Desarts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks and hills, whose heads touch heaven;
It was my hint to speak, such was my process:
And of the Cannibals, that each other eat;
The Anthropophagie, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders: these to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline;
But still the house affairs would draw her thence,
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intently, I did consent,

And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distresful stroak,
That my youth suffered : my story being done ;
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs ;
She swore I faith 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful ;
She wisht she had not heard it, yet she wisht
That heaven had made her such a man : she thanked me,
And bad me if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woe her. Upon this heat I spake :
She lov'd me for the dangers I had past ;
And I lov'd her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd :
Here comes the Lady,
Let her witness it.

Enter Desdemona, Jago, and the rest.

Du. I think this tale would win my Daughter too ;
Good Brabantio, take up this mangled matter at the best,
Men do their broken weapons rather use,
Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you hear her speak.
If she confess that she was half the woer,
Destruction light on me, if my bad blame
Light on the man. Come hither gentle Mistress :
Do you perceive in all this noble company,
Where most you owe obedience ?

Def. My noble Father,
I do perceive here a divided Duty :
To you I am bound for life and education ;
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you, you are the Lord of duty,
I am hitherto your daughter. But here's my husband :
And so much duty as my mother shewed,
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge, that I may profess,
Due to the Moor my Lord.

Bra. God bu'y, I ha'done :
Please it your Grace, on to the State affairs,
I had rather to adopt a child than get it ;
Come hither Moor :
I here do give thee that, with all my heart,
Which but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee : for your sake (Jewel)
I am glad at soul, I have no other child,
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,

To

the Moor of Venice.

13

To hang clogs on 'em, I have done my Lord.

Du. Let me speak like your self, and lay a sentence
Which as a greese or step may help these lovers
Into your favour.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended,
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended,
To mourn a mischief that is past and gon,
Is the next way to draw more mischeif on :
What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The rob'd that smiles, steals something from the thief,
He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile,
We lose it not so long as we can smile ;
He bears the sentence well that nothing bears,
But the free comfort, which from thence he hears :
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,
That to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
These sentences to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal :
But words are words, I never yet did hear,
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear.
Beseech you now, to the affars of the state.

Du. The Turk with most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus : Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to you, and though we have there a Substitute of most allowed sufficienoy, yet opinion, a soveraign Mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice on you ; you must therefore be content to flubber the gloss of your new fortunes, with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave Senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel Cooch of war,
My thrice-driven bed of down : I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardness, and do undertake
This present war against the Ottomites :
Most humbly therefore, bending to your State,
I crave fit disposition for my wife,
Due reference of place and exhibition,
With such accommodation and besort,
As levels with her breeding.

Du. If you please, be't at her fathers.

Bra. I'le not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Def. Nor I, I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye : most gracious Duke,
To my unfolding lend a gracious ear,

OTHELLO,

And let me find a charter in your voyce,
To assist my simplicenes—

Du. What would you, *Desdemona*?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My down-right violence, and storm of Fortunes,
May trumpet to the world; my heart's subdued,
Even to the very quality of my Lord:
I saw *Othello's* visage in his mind,
And to his Honors, and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear Lords, If I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for which I love him, are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support,
By his dear absence; let me go with him.

Oth. Your voices Lords: beseech you let her will
Have a free way.
Vouch with me Heaven, I therefore beg it not
To please the palate of my appetite,
Nor to comply with heat, the young affects
In my defunct and proper satisfaction,
But to be free and bounteous to her mind,
And heaven defend your good souls that you think
I will your serious and good businesse scant,
For she is with me; — no, when light wing'd toyes,
And feather'd Cupid foys with wanton dulness,
My speculative and active instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my businesse,
Let Huswifes make a Skellet of my Helm;
And all indigne and base adversities
Make head against my reputation.

Du. Be it, as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay or going, the affair cryes haste,
And speed must answer, you must hence to night.

Des. To night, my Lord?

Du. This night. *Oth.* With all my heart.

Du. At nine i'th' morning here we'll meet again:
Othello, leave some Officer behind,
And he shall our Commission bring to you,
With such things else of quality and respect,
As doth import you.

Oth. Please your Grace, my Ancient,
A man he is of honesty and trust,
To his conveyance I assign my Wife,
With what else needful your good Grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Du. Let it be so.

Good

the Moor of Venice.

15

Good night to every one, and noble Seignior,
If Virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your Son-in-Law is far more fair than black.

I Sena. Adieu brave Moor, use *Desdemona* well.

Bra. Look to her Moor, if thou haft eyes to see.
She has deceiv'd her Father, and may thee.

Oth. My life upon her faith. Honest Jago,
My *Desdemona* must I leave to thee,
I prithee let thy Wife attend on her,
And bring her after in the best advantage ;
Come *Desdemona* I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee, we must obey the time.

Rod. Jago.

Jag. What say'st thou noble heart ?

Rod. What will I do think'st thou ?

Jag. Why go to bed and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown my self.

Jag. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee after it,
Why thou silly Gentleman.

Rod. It is filliness to live, when to live is a torment, and then we have
a prescription, to dye when death is our Physitian.

Jag. O villainous, I ha look'd upon the world for four times seven years,
and since I could distinguish between a benefit, and an injury, I never found
a man that knew how to love himself : e're I would say I would drown my
self for the love of a Ginny Hen, I would change my humanity with a
Baboon.

Rod. What should I do ? I confess it is my shame to be so fond, but it is not
in my virtue to amend it.

Jag. Virtue, a fig, 'tis in our selves, that we are thus, or thus, our bodies
are Gardens, to the which our wills are Gardiners, so that if we will plant
Nettles, or sow Lettice, set Isop, and weed up Time ; supply it with one
gender of hearbs, or distract it with many ; either to have it sterill with idle-
ness, or manur'd with industry, why the power, and corrigible Authority of
this, lies in our wills. If the ballance of our lives had not one scale of reason
to poise another of sensuality ; the blood and baseness of our natures, would
conduct us to most preposterous conclusions. But we have reason to cool our
raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts ; whereof I take this
that you call love to be a Seet, or Syen.

Rod. It cannot be.

Jag. It is meerly a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will ; Come,
be a man ; drown thy self ; drown Cats, and blind Puppies : I profess me thy
friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving, with Cables of perdurable
toughnes ; I could never better steed thee than now. Put money in thy
purse ; follow these wars, defeat thy favour with an usurp'd beard ;
I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that *Desdemona* should
long

long continue her love unto the Moor,—put money in thy purse—nor he his to her; it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration: put but money in thy purse.—These Moors are changeable in their wills.—Fill thy purse with money. The food that to him now is as luscious as Locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as Colquintida; She must change for youth; when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice: she must have change, she must. Therefore put money in thy purse: If thou wilt needs damn thy self, do it a more delicate way than drowning; make all the money thou canst. If Sanctimony, and a frail vow, betwixt an erring *Barbarian*, and a super-subtle *Venetian*, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money,—a pox a drowning, 'tis clean out of the way; seek thou rather to be hang'd in compassing thy joy, than to be drowned, and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Jag. Thou art sure of me—go, make money—I have told thee often, and I tell thee again, and again, I hate the Moor, my cause is hearted, thine has no less reason, let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: If thou canst cuckold him, thou do'st thy self a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of Time, which will be delivered. Traverse, go, provide thy money, we will have more of this to-morrow, adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i'th' morning?

Jag. At my lodging.

Rod. I'le be with thee betimes.

Jag. Go to, farewell:—do you hear *Roderigo*?

Rod. What say you?

Jag. No more of drowning, do you hear?

Rod. I am chang'd, I'le go sell all my land.

[Exit *Roderigo*.]

Jag. Thus do I ever make my fool my purse: For I mine own gain'd knowledge should prophane, If I would time expend with such a snip, But for my sport and profit: I hate the Moor, And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets H'as done my Office; I know not if't be true— Yet I, for meer suspition in that kind, Will do, as if for surety: he holds me well, The better shall my purpose work on him.

Cassio's a proper man, let me see now, To get this place, and to plum up my will, A double knavery—how, how,—let me see, After some time, to abuse *Othello's* ear, That he is too familiar with his wife: He has a person and a smooth dispose, To be suspected, fram'd to make woman false: The Moor is of a free and open nature,

That

That thinks men honest, that but seems to be so :
 And will as tenderly be led by th' noise, — as Asses are :
 Tha't, it is engender'd : Hell and night.
 Must bring this monstrous birth to the worlds light.

[Exit]

Actus Secundus, Scena prima.

*Enter Montanio, Gouverour of Cyprus, with
two other Gentlemen,*

Montanio

WHAT from the Cape can you discern at Sea?

1 Gent. Nothing at all, it is a high-wrought flood,
 I cannot 'twixt the heaven and the main
 Desry a sail.

Mon. Methinks the wind does speak aloud at land,
 A fuller blast ne're shook our battlements :
 If it ha' ruffiand so upon the Sea,
 What ribs of Oak, when mountain melt on them,
 Can hold the morties, — What shall we hear of this ?

2 Gent. A segregation of the Turkish fleet :
 For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
 The chiding billows seem to pelt the clouds,
 The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous main
 Seems to cast water on the burning Bear,
 And quench the guards of th'ever fired pole,
 I never did like molestation view.
 On the enchafted flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish Fleet
 Be not inshelter'd, and embayed, they are drown'd,
 It is impossible to bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 Gent. News, Lads, your Wars are done :
 The desperate Tempest hath so bang'd the Turk,
 That their designation haults :
 A noble ship of Venice
 Hath seen a grievous wrack and sufferance
 On most part of their Fleet.

Mon. How, is this true ?

3 Gent. The ship is here put in :
 A Veronessa, Michael Cassio,

Lieutenant to the warlike Moor *Othello*,
Is come a shore : the Moor himself at Sea,
And is in full commission here for *Cyprus*.

Mon. I am glad on't, 'tis a worthy Governour.

3 *Gent.* But this same *Cassio*, tho' he speak of comfort,
Touching the Turkish losf, yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe, for they were parted
With foul and violent Tempest.

Mon. Pray heaven he be !
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full Souldier :
Let's to the Sea-side, ho,
As well to see the Vessel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave *Othello*,
Even till we make the Main and th' Air all blue,
An indistinct regard.

3 *Gent.* Come, let's do so,
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this Isle,
That so approve the Moor, and let the heavens
Give him defence against their Elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous Sea.

Mon. Is he well shipt ?

Cas. His Bark is stoutly timber'd, and his Pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance,
Therefore my hopes (not surfeited to death)
Stand in bold cure.

Mes. A sail, a sail, a sail.

Cas. What noise ?

Mes. The Town is empty, on the brow o'th' sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry a sail.

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the Government.

2 *Gent.* They do discharge the shot of courteſe,
Our friend at least.

Cas. I pray you, Sir, go forth,
And give us truth, who'tis that is arriv'd.

2 *Gent.* I shall.

Mon. But good Lieutenant, is your General wiv'd ?

Cas. Most fortunately, he bath achiev'd a maid,
That parragons description and wild fame ;
One that excels the quirks of blasoning pens ;
And in the essential vesture of creation,
Does bear an excellency : — now, who has put in ?

W

I
Enter. *Cassio*.

Enter. *Messenger*

Enter. *A shot.*

Exit.

Enter.

Enter.

Enter.

the Moor of Venice.

19

Enter 2 Gentleman.

2 Gent. 'Tis one Jago, Ancient to the General;
He has had most favourable and happy speed,
Tempests themselves, high feas, and howling winds,
The guttered rocks, and congreated sands,
Traitors ensteep'd, to clog the guilty Keel,
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their common natures, letting go lately by
The divine Desdemona.

Mon. What is she?

Cas. She that I speak of, our great Captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Jago,
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts
A fennights speed—great Jove Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath,
That he may bleis this Bay with his tall ship,
And swiftly come to Desdemona's arms,

Enter Desdemona, Jago, Emilia, and Roderigo.

Give renew'd fire
To our extinguished spirits:
And bring all Cyprus comfort.—O behold
The riches of the ship is come on shore.
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees:
Hail to the Lady: and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round.

Def. I thank you valiant Casio:
What tidings can you tell me of my Lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd, nor know I ought,
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Def. O but I fear,—how lost you company? [within] A sail, a sail.

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship: but hark! a fail.

3 Gent. They give their greeting to the Citadel,
This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news:
Good Ancient you are welcome, welcome Mistress,
Let it not gall your patience, good Jago,
That I extend my maners, 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold shew of courtesie.

Jag. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue she has bestowed on me,
You'd have enough.

O T H E L L O,

Def. Alas! she has no speech.

Jag. In faith too much:
I find it still, for when I ha' leave to sleep,
Mary, before your Ladyship I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Em. You ha' little cause to say so.

Jag. Come on, come on, you are Pictures out of doors:
Bells in your Parlors: Wild-cats in your Kitchens:
Saints in your Injuries: Devils being offended:
Players in your house-wifery; and house-wives in your beds.

Def. O fie upon thee, slanderer.

Jag. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk.
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Em. You shall not write my praise.

Jag. No, let me not.

Def. What wouldst thou write of me,
If thou shouldst praise me?

Jag. O gentle Lady, do not put me to't,
For I am nothing, if not critical.

Def. Come on, assay — there's one gone to the Harbour.

Jag. I, Madam.

Def. I am not merry, but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise:
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

Jag. I am about it, but indeed my invention
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from freeze,
It plucks out brain and all: but my Muse labours,
And thus she is delivered:

If she be fair and wise, fairnes and wit;
The one's for use, the other useth it.

Def. Well prais'd: how if she be black and witty?

Jag. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

Def. Worse and worse.

Em. How if fair and foolish?

Jag. She never yet was foolish, that was fair,
For even her folly help'd her to an Heir.

Def. These are old Paradoxes, to make fools laugh i'th' Alehouse: What
miserable praise hast thou for her,

That's foul and foolish?

Jag. There's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks, which fair and wise ones do.

Def. O heavy ignorance that praises the worst best: but what praise couldst
thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed? one, that in the Authority
of her merits, did justly put on the vouch of very malice it self?

Jag.

Jag. She that was ever fair, and never proud,
 Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud,
 Never lackt gold, and yet went never gay,
 Fled from her wish, and yet said, now I may:
 She that being angered, her revenge being nigh,
 Bad her wrong stay, and her displeasure flye:
 She that in Wisdom never was so frail,
 To change the Codfhead for the Salmon's tail:
 She that could think, and ne're disclose her mind,
 See Sutors following, and nor look behind,
 She was a wight, (if ever such wight were.)

Def. To do what?

Jag. To suckle fools, and chronicle small Boats.

Def. O most lame and impotent conclusion!
 Do not learn of him *Emilia*, tho' he be thy husband:
 How say you *Cassio*, is he not a most prophanke and liberal
 Counsellor?

Cas. He speaks home Madam, you may relish him
 More in the Souldier than in the Scholler.

Jag. He takes her by the palm; I well see, whisper; with as little a webb
 as this, will I ensnare as great a flie as *Cassio*. I smile upon her, do: I will
 catch you in your own Courtship: you say true, 'tis so indeed. If such tricks
 as these strip you out of your Lieutenantry, it had been better you had not rist
 your three fingers so oft, which now again, you are most apt to play the Sir in a
 very good, well kist, and excellent courtesie; 'tis so indeed: yet again, your
 fingers at your lips? would they were Clister-pipes for your sake—
 The Moor, I know his Trumpet.

[Trumpet within.]

Enter *Othello*, and Attendants.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Def. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Loe, where he comes.

Orb. O my fair Warriour.

Def. My dear *Othello*.

Orb. It gives me wonder, great as my content;
 To see you here before me: O my souls joy,
 If after every tempest, come such calmness,
 May the winds blow, till they have wakened death;
 And let the labouring Bark clime hills of Seas,
 Olympus high, and duck again as low:
 As Hell's from Heaven; If it were now to dye,
 'Twere now to be most happy, for I fear
 My Soul hath her content so absolute,
 That not another comfort like to this
 Succeeds in unknown Fate.

Def. The Heavens forbid,
 But that our loves and comforts should increase;
 Even as our dayes do grow.

Oth.

O T H E L O,

Oth. Amen to that, sweet Powers ! I cannot speak enough of this content, It stops me here, it is too much of joy ; And this, and this, the greatest discord be, That e're our hearts should make.

Jag. O, you are well-tun'd now, But I'le set down the pegs, that makes this musick, As honest as I am.

Oth. Come, let us to the Castle, News friends, our wars are done, the *Turke are drown'd*. How does my old acquaintance of this Isle Honny, you shall be well desir'd in *Cyprus* ; I have found great love amongst them : O my sweet : I prattle out of fashion, and I dote, In mine own comforts : I prizee good Jago, Go to the Bay, and disimbarke my Coffers ; Bring thou the Master to the Citadel : He is a good one, and his worthines Does challenge much respect, come *Desdemon*. Once more well met at *Cyprus*.

Jag. Do thou meet me presently at the Harbour, & come hitherto if thou beest valiant, (as they say,) base men being in love, have them a Nobility in their natures, more than is native to them, here I'll tell thee, the Lieutenant to night watches on the Court of Guard : first I will tell thee this, *Desdemon* is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him ? why 'tis not possible. Jag. Lay thy finger thus, and let thy Soul be instructed : made me, with what violence she first lov'd the Moor, bet for bringging, and telling her fantastical lies ; and will she love him still for prating ? let not the disiect heart think it. Her eye must be fed, and what delight shall she have to look on the Devil ? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be game to inflame it, and give satiety a fresh appetite of loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners, and beauties ; all which the Moor is defective in : now for want of these requir'd conveniences, her delicate tendernesse will find her self abus'd, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor, very nature will instruct her to it, and compel her to some second choiche : Now Sir, this granted, as it is most pregnant and unforced position, who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune, as *Cassio* does ? a Knav very voluble, no farther concesionable, than in putting on the meer form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affections. A subtle slippery Knav, a finder out of occasions ; that has an eye, can stamp and counterfeit advantages, tho' true advantage never present it self. Besides, the Knav is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green minds look after : a pestilent compleat Knav, and the Woman has found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her, she's full of most blest condition.

Jag. Blest, figs-end ; the wine she drinks is made of grapes : if she had been blest,

blest, she would never have lov'd the Moor: Didst thou not see her paddie
with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, But that was bat courtesie.

Jag. Lechery, by this hand; an Index and obscure prologue to the History
of lust and foul thoughts: they met so near with their lips, that their breaths
embrac'd together, villainous thoughts when these mutualities so marshal the
way; hand at hand comes Roderigo, the master and the main exercise, the in-
corporate conclusion. But Sir, be you rul'd by me, I have brought you from
Venice; watch you to night, for command: I'le lay't upon you: Cassio knows
you not, I'le not be far from you, do you find some occasion to anger Cassio,
either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline, or from what other
course you please; which the time shall more favourable minister.

Rod. Well.

Jag. Sir he is rash, and very sudden in cholter, and haply with this Trun-
cheon may strike at you; provoke him that he may, for even out of that, will
cause these of Cyprus to mutiny, whose qualification shall come into no true taste
again, but by the displanting of Cassio: So shall you have a shorter journey to
your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them, and the impedi-
ment most profitably removed, without which there were no expectation of our
prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Jag. I warrant thee, meet me by and by at the Citadel; I must fetch his
necessaries a shore—Farewel.

Rod. Adieu.

Jag. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it; That she loves him, 'tis apt and of great credit; The Moor howbe't, that I endure him not, Is of a constant, noble, loving nature, And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona A most dear Husband; now I do love her too, Not out of absolute lust, (tho' peradventure I stand accomptant for as great a sin,) But partly led to diet my revenge, For that I do suspect the lustful Moor Hath leap'd into my seat, the thought whereof Doth like a poysonous Mineral gnaw my inwards; And nothing can, nor shall content my Soul, Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife; Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor, At least, into a jealousie so strong, That judgment cannot cure; which thing to do, If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trace, For his quick hunting, stand the parting on, I'le have our Michael Cassio on the hip, Abuse him to the Moor, in the rank garb, (For I fear Cassio, with my night-cap too) Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,

For making him egregiously an Ass, And practising upon his peace and quiet, Even to madness : — 'tis here, but yet confus'd ; Knaveryes plain face is never seen, till us'd.

[Exit.]

Enter Othello's Herald, reading a Proclamation.

It is *Othello's* pleasure, our noble and valiant General, that upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the meer perdition of the Turkish Fleet ; that every man put himself into triumph ; some to dance, some make Bonfires : each man to what sport and Revels his addiction leads him ; for besides these beneficial News, it is the celebration of his Nuptials : So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All Offices are open, and there is full liberty, from this present hour of five, till the bell hath told eleven. Heaven bless the Isle of *Cyprus*, and our noble General *Othello*.

Enter Othello, Cassio, and Desdemona.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the Guard to night. Let's teach our selves that Honourable stop, Not to out-sport discretion. *Cass.* Fago hath direction what to do. But notwithstanding, with my personal eye Will I look to it.

Oth. Fago is most honest. Michael good night, to morrow with your earliest, Let me have speech with you, come my dear love, The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue, That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you. Good night.

Enter Jago.

Cas. Welcome Fago, we must to the watch.

Jag. Not this hour Lieutenant, 'tis not yet ten a Clock : our General cast us thus early for the love of his *Desdemona*, who therefore let us not blame, he hath not yet made wanton the night with her ; and she is sport for love.

Cas. She is a most exquisite Lady.*Jag.* And I'le warrant her full of game.*Cas.* Indeed she is a most fresh and delicate creature.*Jag.* What an eye she has ?

Methinks it sounds a party of provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye, and yet methinks right modest.*Jag.* And when she speaks 'tis an Alarm to love.*Cas.* She is indeed perfection.

Jag. Well, happiness to their sheets — come Lieutenant, I have a stope of Wine, and here without is a brace of *Cyprus* Gallants that would fain have a measure to the health of the black *Othello*.

Cas.

Cas. Not to night, good *Jago*: I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Jag. O they are our friends,—but one cup: I'le drink for you.

Cas. I ha' drunk but one cup to night, and that was craftily qualified too, and behold what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Jag. What man, 'tis a night of Revels, the Gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Jag. Here at the door, I pray you call them in.

Cas. I'le do't, but it dislikes me.

[Exit.]

Jag. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence,
As my young Mistrels dog:—Nay my sick fool *Roderigo*,
(Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side outward)
To be *Desdemona*, i hath to night caroust
Rotation pottle deep, and he's to watch:—now on 's aday!—
Three Lads of *Cyprus*, noble swelling spirits or fool etol, gentilship O' read
That hold their honour in a wary distance, in analogia qm aixia, thumb
The very Elements of this war-like Isle, now hauft me a twoe Harbour ma
Have I to night flushed with flowing cups,
And the watch too: now? mongit this flock of drunckards,
I am to put our *Cassio* in some action
That may offend the Isle: [Enter *Montanjo*, *Cassio*, *Mon.*
But here they come:
If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Cas. Fore God they have given me a rouse already:

Mon. Good faith a little one, not past a pint,

As I am a Soldier.

Jag. Some wine ho:

And let me the Cannikin clink, clink,

And let me the Cannikin clink, clink,

A Souldier's a man, a life's but a span; ob a sybolized entit thowz He'll now

Why then let a Souldier drink.—Some wine boys, ob a sybolized entit thowz He'll now

Cas. Fore heaven, an excellent song.

Jag. I learn'd it in *England*, where indeed they are most potent in poetting:
your *Dane*: your *German*, and your swag-bellied *Hollander*, (drink ho, gare!

nothing to your *English*.

Cas. Is your *English* man so exquisite in his drinking?

Jag. Why, he drinks you with facility, your *Dane* dead drunk & he sweateth not to overthrow your *Almain*. He gives your *Hollander* a smot. Ae're the next pottle can be fill'd.

Cas. To the health of our General.

Mon. I am for it Lieutenant, and I will do you justice.

Jag. O sweet *England*.

King Stephen was and a worthy Peer,
 His breeches cost him but a Crown,
He held 'em six-pence all too dear,
 With that he call'd the Taylor down ;
He has a Wife of high Renown,
And thou art bus of low degree,
'Tis pride that pulls the Country down.

Then take shite, and take above these — Some wine to —

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite Song than the others.

Jag. Will you hear't again?

Cas. No, for I hold him unworthy of his place, that doesthose things well,

Heaven's above all, and ther's he souls that must be saved.

Jag. It is true, good Lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part, no offence to the General, nor any man of quality, I hope to be saved.

Jag. And so do I, Lieutenant.

Cas. I, but by your leave, not before me; the Lieutenant is to be saved before the Ancient. Let's ha' no more of this, let's to our affarts: forgive us our sins: Gentlemen, let's look to our business: do not think Gentleman I am drunk, this is my Ancient, this is my right hand, and this is my left hand: I am not drunk now, I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why very well then: you must not think then that I am drunk.

Mon. To the platform Masters. Come let's set the watch.

Jag. You see this fellow that is gone before, He is a Soldier fit to stand by Casar, And give direction: and do but see his vice, 'Tis to his virtue a just equinox, The one's as long as th' other: 'tis pity of him, I fear the trust Othello put him in, On some odd time of his infirmity, Will shake this Island.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Jag. 'Tis evermore the Prologue to his sleep, He'll watch the horolodge a double set, If drink rock not his cradle.

Mon. 'Twere well the General were put in mind of it, Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature Praises the virtue that appears in Cassio, And looks not on his evils: is not this true?

Jag. How now, Roderigo, I pray you after the Lieutenant go.

Mon. And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor Should hazard such a place, as his own second, With one of an ingraft infirmity: It were an honest action to say so to the Moor.

Enter Roderigo.

Exit Rod.

Jag.

the Moor of Venice.

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Jag. Not I, for this fair Island:
I do love Cassio well, and would do much
To cure him of this evil: but hark, what noise.

[Help, help, within.

Enter Cassio, driving in Roderigo.

Cas. You rogue, you rascal.

Mon. What's the matter, Lieutenant?

Cas. A knave, teach me my duty: but I'll beat the knave into a wicker bottle.

Rod. Beat me?

Cas. Dost thou prate, Rogue?

Mon. Good Lieutenant; pray Sir hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go Sir, or I'll knock you o're the mazzard.

Mon. Come, come, you are drunk.

Cas. Drunk?

Jag. Away I say, go out, and cry a mutiny.

Nay good Lieutenant, God's will Gentlemen,

Help ho, Lieutenant: Sir, Montano, Sir,

Help Masters, here's a goodly watch indeed:

Who's that that rings the Bell? Diablo—ho,

The Town will rise, fie, fie, Lieutenant hold,

You will be sham'd for ever.

[They fight.
Exit Rod.

[A bell rings.

Enter Othello, and Gentlemen with weapons.

Oth. What's the matter here?

Mon. I bleed still, I am hurt to the death.

Oth. Hold for your lives.

Jag. Hold, hold Lieutenant, Sir Montano, Gentlemen,

Have you forgot all place of sence and duty:

Hold, the General speaks to you, hold, hold, for shame.

Oth. Why how now ho, from whence arises this?

Are we turn'd Turks, and to our selves do that,

Which Heaven has forbid the Ottomites,

For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl;

He that stirs next, to carve for his own rage,

Holds his soul light, he dyes upon his motion:

Silence that dreadful Bell, it frights the Isle

From her propriety: what's the matter masters?

Honest Jag, that looks dead with grieving,

Speak, who began this, on thy love I charge thee.

Jag. I do not know, friends all but now, even now,

In quarter, and in terms, like bride and groom,

Digesting them to bed, and then but now,

(As if some Planet had unwitting men,) [He faints.

Swords out, and tilting one at others breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds;
And would, in action glorious, I had lost
Those legs that brought me to a part of it.

Oth. How came it *Michael*, you were thus forgot?

Cas. I pray you pardon me, I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy *Montanio*, you were wont to be civil,
The gravity and stilness of your youth.
The world hath noted; and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure. What's the matter
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night brawler? give me answer to't?

Mon. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger,
Your Officer *Jago* can inform you,
While I spare speech, which something now offends me,
Of all that I do know, nor know I ought
By me that's said or done amis this night;
Unless self-charity be sometime a vice,
And to defend our selves it be a sin,
When violence assails us.

Oth. Now by Heaven
My blood begins my safer guides to rule,
And passion having my best judgment cool'd,
Assays to lead the way: If once I stir,
Or do bat lift this Arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke: give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on,
And he that is approv'd in this offence;
Tho' he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me; what, in a Town of War,
Yet wild, the peoples hearts brim ful of fear,
To manage private and domestick quarrels,
In night and on the Court and guard of safety?
'Tis monstrous. *Jago*, who began?

Mon. If partiality assign'd, or league in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no Souldier.

Jago. Touch me not so near,
I had rather ha' this tongue out of my mouth,
Than it should do offence to *Michael Cassio*;
Yet I perswade my self to speak the truth.
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is, General:
Montanio and my self being in speech,
There comes a fellow, crying out for help,
And *Cassio* following him with determin'd sword,

the Moor of Venice.

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To execute upon him: Sir this Gentleman
Steps into *Cassio*, and intreats his pause:
My self the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest by his clamor, as it so fell out,
The Town might fall in fright: he swift of foot,
Out-ran my purpose; and I return the rather,
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords;
And *Cassio* high in oath, which till to night,
I ne're might say before: when I came back, b
For this was brief, I found them close together,
At blow and thrust, even as agen they were,
When you your self did part them.
More of this matter can I not report,
But men are men, the best sometimes forget;
Tho' *Cassio* did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them best;
Yet surely *Cassio*, I believe receiv'd
From him that fled some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, *Iago*,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to *Cassio*: *Cassio*, I love thee,
But never more be Officer of mine.
Look if my gentle Love be not rais'd up,

Enter Desdemona, with others.

I'll make thee an example.

Def. What's the matter?

Oth. All's well now sweeting:
Come away to bed: Sir, for your hurts,
My self will be your Surgeon; lead him off;
Iago, look with care about the Town,
And silence those whom this vile brawl distract'd.
Come *Desdemona*, 'tis the Souldiers life,
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

Jag. What, are you hurt, Lieutenant?

Exit Moor, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Cas. I, past all Surgery.

Jag. Marry Heaven forbid.

Cas. Reputation, reputation, ho I lost my reputation:
I ha' lost the immortal part Sir of my self,
And what remains is bestial, my reputation,
Iago, my reputation.

Jag.

OTHELLO,

Jag. As I am an honest man, I thought you had receiv'd some bodily wound, there is more offence in that, than in Reputation: reputation is an idle and most false imposition, oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: You have lost no reputation at all, unless you report your self such a loser; what man, there are ways to recover the General's agen: you are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy, than in malice, even so as one would beat his offenceless dog, to affright an imperious Lion: sue to him again, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despis'd, than to deceive so good a Commander with so light, so drunken, and disolute an Officer! Drunk? and speak parrat? and squabble, swagger, swear? and discourse fustian with ones own shadow, O thou invincible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee Devil.

Jag. What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Jag. Is't possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. O that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains; that we should with joy revel, pleasure, and applause, transform our selves into beasts.

Jag. Why, but you are now well enough; how came you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleas'd the devil drunkselves, to give place to the devil's wrath; one unperfectness shews me another, to make me frankly despise my self.

Jag. Come, you are too severe a moralist; as the time, the place, the condition of this Country stands, I could heartily wish this had not so befaln; but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again, he shall tell me I am a drunkard; had I as many mouths as *Hydra*, such an answer would stop 'em all; to be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! every inordinate cup is unblest, and the ingredience is a devil.

Jag. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well us'd; exclaim no more against it; and good Lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approv'd it, Sir,—I drunk?

Jag. You, or any man living may be drink at some time, man: I'll tell you what you shall do,—our Generals wife is now the General; I may say so in this respect, for that he has devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark and devotement of her parts and graces. Confess your self freely to her, importune her, she'll help to put you into your place again: She is so free, so kind, so apt, so blest a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint, between you and her husband, intreat her to splinter, and my fortunes against any lay, worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than twas before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Jag.

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Jag. I protest in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely, and becomes in the morning, will I beseech the virtuous Desdemona, to undertake for me; I am desperate of my fortunes if they check me here.

Jag. You are in the right, I will go to the watch, and I will Good night, Lieutenant.

Cas. Good night honest Jag. When this advice is free I give, and honest, Probal to thinking, and indeed the course To win the Moor agen? For 'tis most easie The inclining Desdemona to subdue. In any honest suit she's fram'd as fruitful, As the free Elements: and then for her

To win the Moor, wer't to renounce his baptism,

All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,

His soul is so infetter'd to her love,

That she may make, unmake, do what she list,

Even as her appetite shall play the god

With his weak function: how am I then a villain,

To counsel Casio to this parallel course,

Directly to his good & divinity of hell,

When devils will their blackest sins put on, Some guiding spirit M

They do suggest at first with heavenly shews,

As I do now; for whil'st this honest fool

Plys Desdemona to repair his fortunes:

And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor, that he pour this pestilence into his ear,

That she repeals him for her bodies lust;

And by how much she strives to do him good,

She shall undo her credit with the Moor;

So will I turn her vertue into pitch,

And out of her own goodness, make the Moor

That shall amiss them all. Enter Roderigo.

How now Roderigo? What a mind hast thou of all these

Rod. I do follow here in the thase, not dikenadowne that hurts, but one that fills up the cry: my money is almost spent, I had beene a night exceeding well eadged downe, I think the issud will be, I shall have for muche experiance for my pains, and so no money at all, and with a littell more witt returne to Venice.

Jag. How paor are they! that have not patience? What wound did ever heal but by degrees?

Thou knowest we work by wit, and not by witchcraft,

And wit depends on dietary time, I used for you to folow your

Does not go well? Casio has beaten thee, and you doo worse

And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Casio,

The other things grow fair against the sun,

Yet

Yet fruits that blossom first, will first be ripe; Content thy self a while; by th' mās 'tis morning; Pleasure, and action, make the hours seem short. Retire thee, go where thou art billitted; Away I say, thou shalt know more hereafter: Nay get thee gone: Some things are to be done, My wife must move for *Cassio* to her Mistress, I'le set her on. My self a while, to draw the Moor apart, And bring him jump, when he may *Cassio* find, Solliciting his wife: I, that's the way, Dull not devise by coldness and delay. [Exeunt.]

Actus Tertius, Scena prima.

Enter Cassio, with Musicians.

Cas. Masters play here, I will content your paine, Something that's brief, and bid good morrow General. *They play, and enter Abel Clowne lidw*

Clo. Why Masters, ha' your Instruments bee at Naples, that they speak i' th' nose thus?

Boy. How Sir, how?

Clo. Are these I pray, call'd wind instruments?

Boy. I marry are they, Sir.

Clo. O thereby hangs a tail.

Boy. Whereby hangs a tail Sir?

Clo. Marry Sir, by many a wind Instrument that I know. But Masters, here's money for you, and the General so likes your musick, that he desires you to doves like, to make or more noise with it.

Boy. Well Sir, we will hōt; I Clo. If you have any musick that may not be heard, to d' again; but as they say, to hear musick, the General does not greatly care.

Boy. We ha' none such, Sir.

Clo. Then put your pipes in your bag, for I'le away; no go vanish into air, away.

Cas. Dost thou hear my honest friend?

Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear your bagge.

Cas. Prethee keep up thy quallers, there's a poor piece of gold for thee; If the Gentlewoman that attends the Generals wife be stirring, tell her there's one *Cassio* entreats her a little favour of speech; wilt thou do this?

Clo.

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Clo. She is stirring, Sir, if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notice unto her.

Cas. Do, good my friend: In happy time, Fago.

[Exit Clown.

Jag. You ha' not been abed then?

Cas. Why no, the day had broke before we parted;

I ha' made bold, Fago, to send in to your wife, — my suit to her Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona

Procure me some access.

Jag. I'le send her to you presently, And I'le devise a mean to draw the Moor Out of the way, that your converse and business May be more free.

Cas. I humbly thank you for't: I never knew A Florentine more kind and honest.

[Exit.

[Enter Emilia.

Em. Good morrow, good Lieutenant, I am sorry For your displeasure, but all will soon be well, The General and his wife are talking of it, And she speaks for you stontly: the Moor replies, That he you hart is of great fame in Cyrus, And great affinity, and that in wholesome wisdom He might not but refuse: but he protests he loves you, And needs no other tutor but his likings, To take the safest occasion by the front, To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet I beseech you If you think fit, or that it may be done, Give me advantage of some brief discourse With Desdemona alone.

Em. Pray you come in, I will bestow you where you shall have time To speak your bosome freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you. [Exit.

[Enter Othello, Jago, and other Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give, Fago, to the Pilot, And by him do my duties to the State: That done I will be walking to the works, Repair there to me.

Jag. Well my good Lord, I'le do't.

Oth. This fortification Gentlemen, shall we see't?

Gent. We wait upon your Lordship. [Exit.

Exit

Enter Desdemona, Cassio and Emilia.

Def. Be thou assur'd, good *Cassio*, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Em. Good Madam do, I know it grieves my Husband.
As if the case were his.

Def. O that's an honest fellow: —do not doubt, *Cassio*, and on such
But I will have my Lord and you again,
As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous Madam,
What ever shall become of *Michael Cassio*,
He's never any thing but your true servant.

Def. O Sir, I thank you, you do love my Lord:
You have known him long, and be you well assur'd,
He shall in strangest, stand no farther off,
Than in a politick distance.

Cas. I but Lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish dies,
Or breed it self, so out of circumstance,
That I being absent, and my place supplied,
My General will forget my love and service.

Def. Do not doubt that, before *Emilia* here,
I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last Article: my Lord shall never rest,
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a School, his boord a shrift,
I'll intermingle every thing he does,
With *Cassio*'s suit; therefore be merry, *Cassio*,
For thy Soliciter shall rather die,
Than give thy cause away.

Enter Othello, Jago, and Gentlemen.

Em. Madam, here comes my Lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Def. Nay stay, and hear me speak.

Cas. Madam not now, I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purpose.

Def. Well, do your discretion.

Jag. Ha, I like not that.

Orb. What dost thou say?

Jag. Nothing my Lord, or if, —I know not what.

Orb. Was not that *Cassio* parted from my Wife?

Jag. *Cassio*, my Lord? —no sure, I cannot think it,

That

the Moor of Venice.

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That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

Oth. I do believe 'twas he.

Def. How now, my Lord,
I have been talking with a Suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you mean?

Def. Why, your Lieutenant Cassio, good my Lord,
If I have any grace or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take:
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face.

I prithee call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Def. Yes faith, so humbled,
That he has left part of his griefs with me,
To suffer with him: good Love call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona, some other time.

Def. But shall't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner sweet for you.

Def. Shall't be to night at Sappor?

Oth. No, not to night.

Def. To morrow dinner then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home,

I meet the Captains at the Citadel.

Def. Why then to morrow night, or Tuesday morn,
On Tuesday morn, or night, or Wednesday morn,
I prithee name the time, but let it not
Exceed three days: faith he's penitent.

And yet his trespass in our common reason,
(Save that they say, the Wars must make Examples,

Out of her best) is not almost a fault,
To incur a private check: when shall he come?

Tell me, Othello: I wonder in my soul
What you could ask me, that I should deny?

Or stand so mamm'ring on? What Michael Cassio?

That came a wooing with you, and so many a time
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,

Hath tane your part, to have so much to do
To bring him in? Trust me, I could do much,

Oth. Prithee no more, let him come when he will,

I will deny thee nothing.

Def. Why this is not a boon,

'Tis as I should intreat you wear your gloves:

Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,

Or sue to you, to do a peculiar profit.

To your own person: nay, when I have a suit, as least know ene I
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poise and difficult weight; asw^t swaled ob I AMO.
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing, or I will a thiv giveth need evn I
Whereon I do beseech thee grant me this; Oth i meaingual pain ha
To leave me but a little to my self.

Def. Shall I deny you? no, farewell my lord.

Oth. Farewel my Desdemona, I'll come to thee straight.

Def. Emilia, come, be it as your fancies teach you,

What e're you be I am obedient. [Exeunt Def. and Em.

Oth. Excellent wretch, perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee, and when I love thee not

Chaos is come again.

Jago. My noble Lord.

Oth. What dost thou say, Jago?

Jago. Did Michael Cassio when you wooed my Lady, tis
Know of your Love?

Oth. He did from first to last: — Why dost thou ask

Jago. But for a satisfaction of my thought, no further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Jago?

Jago. I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

Oth. O yes, and went between us very oft.

Jago. Indeed?

Oth. Indeed? I indeed, discern'st thou ought in that? I
Is he not honest? tis vident to right wrongs, &c. Oth i meaingual

Jago. Honest, my Lord? Oth. Honest? I honest?

Jago. My Lord, for ought I know, tis not the honest man, &c. I

Oth. What dost thou think? Exceede dñeas: ferev ne's bessinc

Jago. Think, my Lord? And verl this tellest me in our common place.

Oth. Think my Lord? why dost thou echo me, (Save this tellest me)

As if there were some monster in thy thought, &c. Oth i meaingual

Too hideous to be shown? Thou dost mean something, &c. Oth i meaingual

I heard thee say but now, thou lik'st not that? Oth i meaingual

When Cassio left my wife: what didst not like? Oth i meaingual

And when I told thee, he was of my counsel, &c. Oth i meaingual

In my whole course of wooing, thou triidst, indeed? Oth i meaingual

And didst contract, and purse thy brow together, &c. Oth i meaingual

As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain, &c. Oth i meaingual

Some horrible conceit: If thou dost love me, &c. Oth i meaingual

Shew me thy thought. Oth i meaingual

Jago. My Lord you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost,

And for I know, thou art full of love and honesty,

And weighest thy words, before thou giv'st 'em breath,

Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more.

the Moor of Venice

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For such things in a false enoyal Knavery
Are tricks of custome; but in a man that's Junct
They are close dilations, working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

Jag. For Michael Cassio,
I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Jag. Men should be what they seem,
Or those that be not, would they might seem none.

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Jag. Why then I think Cassio's an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this,
I prithee speak to me, as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminant, and give thy world of thoughts,
The worst of words.

Jag. Good my Lord pardon me:
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free too,
Utter my thoughts: Why, say they are vyle and false:
As where's that Palace, wherinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? Who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep Leets and Law-dayes, and in Session sit
With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Jag.
If thou but thinkest him wrong'd, and makest his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Jag. I do beseech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my guess,
(As I confess it is my natures plague,
To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousie
Shapes faults that are not:) that your wisdom yet,
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice, nor build your self a trouble
Out of my scattering and unsure observance;
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wildom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Jag. Good name in man and woman (dear my Lord)
Is the immediate Jewel of our Souls.
Who steals my purse, steals trash, 'tis something, nothing,
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands!
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. I'll know thy thoughts.

THE LOMON

Jag. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand, mi agniti that so
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha?

Jag. O beware (my Lord) of jealousie;
It is a green-ey'd monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on, That Cuckold lives in bliss,
Who certain of his fate, loves not his wronger:
But oh, what damned minutes tells he ofte,
Who dotes, yet doubts, suspests, yet strongly loves.

Oth. O misery.

Jag. Poor and content is rich, and rich enough,
But riches fineless is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poorn:
Good Heaven, the Soule of all my Tribe defend
From jealousie.

Oth. Why, why is this?

Thinkest thou I'd make a life of jealousie?
To follow still the changes of the Moon,
With fresh suspicions? No, to be once in doubt,
Is once to be resolv'd: exchange me for a Goat,
When I shall turn the bulletts of my Soul,
To such exufflicate, and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference: 'tis not to make me jealous,
To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, there are more virtuous; H
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt,
For she had eyes, and chose me: no, Jag.
I'le see before I doubt, when I doubt, prove;
And on the proof, there is no mere but this,
Away at once with love and jealousie.

Jag. I am glad of it, for now I shall have reason
To shew the love and duty that I bear you,
With franker spirit: therefore as I am bound,
Receive it from me: I speak not yet of proof,
Look to your wife, observe her well with Cassio;
Wear your eye thus, not jealous, nor secure,
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty be abus'd, look too't;
I know our Country disposition well,
In Venice they do let Heaven see the pranks.
They dare not shew their husbands: their best conscience
Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Jag. She did deceive her father, marrying you:
And when she seem'd to shake and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most.

Oth.

the Moor of Venice.

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Oth. And so she did.

Jag. Why go too then,
She that so young could give ~~but such a seeming~~
To seal her fathers eyes up, close as Oak,
He thought 'twas witchcraft; but I am much too blam'd,
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.

Jag. I see this hath a little dash'd your Spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot,

Jag. Trust me, I fear it has,
I hope you will consider what is spoke,
Comes from my love: but I do see you are mov'd,
I am to pray you not to strain my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Jag. Should you do so, my Lord,
My speech should fall into such vile suoces,
As my thoughts aim not at: *Cassio's my worthy friend*,
My Lord, I see you are mov'd.

Oth. No, not much mov'd,
I do not think but *Desdemona's honest*.

Jag. Long live she so, and long live you to think so.

Oth. And yet how Nature strug from it self

Jag. I, there's the point: as to be bold with you,
Not to affect many proposed matches
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto we see in all things Nature tends:
Fie we may sinell in such a will most rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural,
But pardon me: I do not in position,
Distinctly speak of her, tho' I may fear
Her will recouling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And happily repent.

Oth. Farewel, if more
Thou dost perceive, let me know more, set on
Thy Wife to observe: leave me, Jag.

Jag. My Lord, I take my leave.

Oth. Why did I marry? This honest creature doubtless
Sees, and knows more, much more than he unfolds.

Jag. My Lord, I would I might intreat your honour,
To scan this thing no farther, leave it to time,
And though 'tis fit that *Cassio* have his place,
(For sure he fills it up with great ability,) Yet if you please to hold him off a while,

You

O. T. H. E. Lop. O. r. t.

You shall by that perceive him and his means ;
 Note if your Lady strain her entertainment,
 With any strong or vehement importunity,
 Much will be seen in that, in the mean time.
 Let me be thought too busie in my fears,
 (As worthy cause I have, to fear I am,)
 I purpose to release you to my liberty
 And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Jaq. I once more take my leave.

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
 And knows all quantities with a learned spirit
 O humane dealings : If I do prove her haggard,
 Tho' that her Jelles were my dear heart strings,
 I'de whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
 To prey at fortune. Happily, for I am black,
 And have not those soft parts of conversation,
 That Chamberers have, or for I am declin'd
 Into the vale of years, yet that's not much,
 She's gone, I am abus'd, and my relief
 Must be to loath her : O curse of marriage,
 That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
 And not their appetites : I had rather be a Toad,
 And live upon the vapor in a dungeon,
 Than keep a corner in a thing I love,
 For others uses : yet 'tis the plague of great ones,
 Prerogativ'd are they less than the bale,
 'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death :
 Even then this forked plague is fated us to
 When we do quicken : Desdemona comes,
 If she be false; O then Heaven mocks us, if
 I'll not believe it.

Enter Desdemona *With a handkerchief*

Des. How now my dear *Othello*?
 Your dinner, and the generous Islander
 By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why is your speech so faint? are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead, here.

Des. Why that's with watching, 'twill away again;
 Let me but bind it hard, *within this hour*
 It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little :

Let it alone, come I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

Em. I am glad I have found this napkin, *Exit Oth. and Des.*

the Moor of Venice.

41

This was her first remembrance from the Moor,
My way-ward husband, hath a hundred times,
Wboed me to steal it, but she so loves the token,
For he conjur'd her she should ever keep it,
That she reserves it ever more about her,
To kiss and talk too: I'le ha' the work ta'ne out,
And giv't *Jago*: what he'll do with it, I saw how adaft you are to tell.
Heaven knows, not I, [Enter Jago.]
I nothing, but to please his fantasie.

Jag. How now, what do you here alone?

Em. Do not you chide, I have a thing for you.

Jag. A thing for me! it is a common thing.

Em. Ha?

Jag. To have a foolish wife,

Em. O, is that all? What will you give me now,

For that same handkerchief?

Jag. What handkerchief?

Em. What handkerchief!

Why that the Moor first gave to *Desdemona*,
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Jag. Hast stole it from her?

Em. No faith, she let it drop by negligence,
And to the advantage, I being here took it up.

Look here it is.

Jag. A good wench, give it me.

Em. What will you do with it,
That you have been so earnest to have me filch it?

Jag. Why what's that to you?

Em. If't be not for some purpose of import,
Give me't again, poor Lady, sh'ell run mad
When she shall lack it.

Jag. Be not you acknown on't, I have use for it: — go, leave me.

I will in *Cassio's* lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it: Trifles light as Air.

Are to the jealous confirmations strong

As proofs of holy Writ, this may do something:

The Moor already changes with my poison,

Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,

Which at the first are scarce found to distast;

But with a little act upon the blood,

Burn like the Mines of Sulphure: I did say so;

Look where he comes, not Poppy, nor Mandragora,

Nor all the drousie syrups of the world,

Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep,

Which thou owedst yesterday.

Oth. Ha, ha, false to me?

Jag. Why, how now General? no more of that.

Or.

O T H E L L O,

Oth. Avant, be gone, thou hast set me on the rack,
I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know't a little.

Jag. How now my Lord?

Oth. What fence had I of her stolen hours of lust:
I sawt not, thought it not, it harm'd not me,
I slept the next night well, was free and merry;
I found not *Cassio's* kisses on her lips,
He that is rob'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know't, and he's not rob'd at all.

Jag. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy if the general Camp,
Pyoners and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known: O now for ever
Farewel the tranquile mind, farewel contente;
Farewel the plumed Troop, and the big Wars,
That makes ambition Virtue: O farewel,
Farewel the neighing Steed, and the shrill Trump,
The spirit-stirring Drum, the ear-piercing Pipe,
The royal Banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious War,
And O ye mortal Engines, whose wide throats,
The immortal Joves great thunders counterfeit:
Farewel, *Othello's* Occupation's gone.

Jag. Is't possible, my Lord?

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my Love a whore,
Be sure of it, give me the *ocular proof*,
Or by the worth of my eternal Soul,
Thou hadst better have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Jag. Is't come to this?

Oth. Make me to see, or at the least so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on: or woe upon thy life.

Jag. My noble Lord.

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more, abandon all remorse,
On horrors head, horrors acciduate,
Do deeds to make Heaven weep, all Earth amazed,
For nothing canst thou to damnation add greater than that.

Jag. O grace, O Heaven defend me,
Are you a man, have you a soul or sense?
God buy you, take my Office, — O wretched fool,
That livest to make thine honesty a vice.
O monstrous world take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest is not safe,
I thank you for this profit, and from hence

the Moor of Venice.

43

I'le love no friend, since love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay stay, thou shouldest be honest.

Jag. I should be wise, for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not ;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not ?
I'le have some proof : her name that was as fresh
As *Dians* visage, is now begrim'd, and black
As mine own face : if there be cords or knives,
Roxon, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'le not endure it : would I were satisfied.

Jag. I see Sir, you are eaten up with passion,
I do repent me that I put it to you ;
You would be satisfied.

Oth. Would ! nay, I will.

Jag. And may, but how, how satisfied, my Lord ?
Would you the supervision grossly gape on,
Behold her topt ?

Oth. Death and damnation—oh.
Jag. It were a tedious difficulty I think
To bring 'em to that prospect, damn 'em then,
If ever mortal eyes did see them boulster
More than their own : what then, how then ?
What shall I say ? where's satisfaction ?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as Goats, as hot as Monkies,
As salt as Wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk : but yet I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you may ha't.

Oth. Give me a living reason, that she's disloyal.

Jag. I do not like the Office,
But fitth I am enter'd into this cause so far,
Prickt to't by foolish honesty and love,
I will go on : I lay with *Cassio* lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth, I could not sleep,
There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleep will mutter their affairs,
One of this kind is *Cassio* :
In sleep I heard him say, Sweet *Desdemona*,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves ;
And then, Sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,
Cry out sweet Creature, and then kiss me hard,
As if he pluckt up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips, then layed his leg

OTHELLO,

Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kissed, and then
Cryed, cursed fate, that gave thee to the Moor.

Oth. O monstrous, monstrous.

Jag. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregon conclusion,
'Tis a shrewd doubt, tho' it be but a dream.

Jag. And this may help to thicken other proofs
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'le tear her all to pieces.

Jag. Nay, but be wise, yet we fee nothing done,
She may be honest yet : tell me but this,
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries in your wives hand ?

Oth. I gave her such a one, 'twas my first gift.

Jag. I know not that, but such a handkerchief,
I am sure it was your wives, did I to day
See *Cassio* wipe his beard with.

Oth. If't be that.

Jag. If it be that, or any, it was hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Oth. O that the slave had forty thousand lives,
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge :
Now I do fee 'tis true, look here, *Jago*,
All my fond love, thus do I blow to Heaven, — 'tis gone.
Arise black vengeance from thy hollow Cell,
Yield up O love thy crown, and hearted Throne,
To tyrannous hate, swell bosome with thy fraught,
For 'tis of Aspicks tongues. [He kneels.]

Jag. Pray be content.

Oth. O blood, *Jago*, blood.

Jag. Patience I say, your mind perhaps may change.

Oth. Never, *Jago*, [Give him a kiss]
Like to the Pontick Sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course,
Ne're feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on,
To the Propontick and the Hellespont :
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne're look back, ne're ebbe to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up. Now by yond marble Heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow,
I here engage my words.

Jag. Do not rise yet : [Jago kneels.]
Witness the ever-burning lights above,
You Elements that clip us round about ;
Witness that here, *Jago* doth give up
The execution of his wit, hand, heart,

To

the Moor of Venice.

45

To wrong'd Othello's service: let him command,
And to obey, shall be in me remorse,
What bloody work so ever.

Oth. I greet thy love;
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to't,
Within these three days, let me hear thee say
That Cassio's not alive.

Jag. My friend is dead:
'Tis done as you request, but let her live.

Oth. Damn her lewd minks: O damn her,
Come, go with me apart, I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death,
For the fair devil: now art thou my Lieutenant.

Jag. I am your own for ever.

[Exit.]

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and the Clown.

Des. Do you know, Sirra, where the Lieutenant Cassio lies?

Clo. I dare not say he lies any where.

Des. Why, man?

Clo. He is a Souldier, and for one to say a Souldier lies, is stabbing.

Des. Go too, where lodges he?

Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clo. I know not where he lodges, and for me to devise a lodging, and say he lies there, were to lye in mine own throat.

Des. Can you enquire him out, and be edified by report?

Clo. I will catechise the world for him, that is, make questions, and by them answer.

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither, tell him I have mov'd my Lord in his behalf, and hope all will be well.

Clo. To do this, is within the compass of man's wit, and therefore I'll attempt the doing of it.

[Exit.]

Des. Where should I lose that hankerchief Emilia?

Em. I know not, Madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather lose my purse
Full of Crusadoes: and but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness,
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Em. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who he? I think the Sun where he was born,
Drew all such humors from him.

[Enter Othello.]

Em. Look where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now,
Till Cassio be call'd to him: how is it with you, my Lord?

Oth. Well, my good Lady: O hardness to dissemble;

How

How do you Desdemona?

Def. Well, my good Lord.

Oth. Give me your hand, this hand is moist, my Lady.

Def. It yet has felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart,

Hot, hot, and moist, this hand of yours requires

A sequester from liberty: fasting and praying,

Much castigation, exercise devout:

For here's a young and sweating devil here,

That commonly rebels: 'tis a good hand,

A frank one.

Def. You may indeed say so.

For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand, the hearts of old gave hands,

But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Def. I cannot speak of this; come now your promise.

Oth. What promise chuck?

Def. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and full rhume offends me,

Lend me thy handkerchief.

Def. Here, my Lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Def. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not.

Def. No indeed, my Lord.

Oth. That's a fault: that handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my Mother give,

She was a Charmer, and could almost read

The thoughts of people; she told her whilst she kept it,

'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father

Intirely to her love: But if she lost it,

Or made a gift of it, my fathers eye

Should hold her loathed, and his spirit should hunt

After new fancies: She dying gave it me,

And bid me, when my fate would have me wife,

To give it her; I did so, and take heed on't,

Make it a darling like your precious eye,

To lose, or give't away, were such perdition,

As nothing else could match.

Def. Is't possible?

Oth. 'Tis true, there's magick in the web of it,

A Sybel that had numbed in the world,

The Sun to course two hundred compassies,

In her prophetick fury, sowed the work:

The worms were hallowed that did breed the silk,

And it was died in Mummy, which the skilful

Concerves of Maidens hearts.

Def.

the Moor of Venice.

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Def. Indeed, is't true?

Oth. Most veritable, therefore look to't well.

Def. Then would to God that I had never seen it.

Oth. Ha, wherefore?

Def. Why do you speak so startingly and rash?

Oth. Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is't out o'th' way?

Def. Bleſs us.

Oth. Say you.

Def. It is not lost, but what and if it were?

Oth. Ha.

Def. I say it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch't, let me see it.

Def. Why fo I can, Sir, but I will not now,

This is a trick, to put me from my suit,

I pray let *Cassio* be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief, my mind misgives!

Def. Come, come, you'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief.

Def. A man, that all his time

Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;

Shar'd dangers with you.

Oth. The handkerchief.

Def. In sooth you are to blame.

Oth. Away.

Em. Is not this man jealous?

Def. I ne're saw this before:

Sure there's some wonder in this handkerchief,

I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Enter Jago and Cassio.

Em. 'Tis not a year or two shews us a man,

They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;

They eat us hungerly, and when they are full

They belch us; look you, *Cassio* and my husband.

Jag. There is no other way, 'tis she must do it,

And lo the happiness, go, and importune her.

Def. How now, good *Cassio*, what's the news with you?

Cas. Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you,

That by your virtuous means, I may again

Exist, and be a member of his love,

Whom I, with all the office of my heart,

Intirely honour, I would not be delayed:

If my offence be of such mortal kind,

That not my service past nor present sorrows,

Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,

Can ransom me into his love again,

Batt.

But to know so, must be my benefit,
So shall I cloath me in a forc'd content,
And shut my self up in some other course,
To fortunes almes.

Des. Alas, thrice gentle *Cassio*,
My advocation is not now in tune;
My Lord is not my Lord, nor should I know him,
Were he in favour, as in humour alter'd:
So help me, every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best,
And stood within the blank of his displeasure,
For my free speech you must a while be patient,
What I can do I will, and more I will,
Than for my self I dare, let that suffice you.

Jag. Is my Lord angry?

Em. He went hence but now,
And certainly in strange unquietness.

Jag. Can he be angry? I have seen the Cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air; and his voice
And like the devil from his very arm,
Puff'd his own brother, and can he be angry?
Something of moment then: I will go meet him,
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

Des. I prithee do so: something sure of State,
Either from *Venice*, or some unhatcht practice,
Made demonstrable here in *Cyprus* to him;
Hath pudled his clear spirit, and in such cases,
Mens natures wrangle with inferiour things.
Tho' great ones are the Object,
'Tis even so; for let our finger ake,
And it endues our other healthful members,
Even to that sense of pain, *may we must think*,
Men are not Gods,
Nor of them look for such observances
As fits the Bridal: besrew me much *Emilia*,
I was (unhandsome warrier as I am)
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul,
But now I find, I had subbornd the witness,
And he's indited fallly.

Em. Pray heaven it be State matters as you think,
And no conception, nor no jealous toy
Concerning you.

Des. Alas the day, I never gave him cause.

Em. But jealous souls will not be answered so
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster,
Begot upon it self, born on it self.

Des.

the Moor of Venice.

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Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind.

Em. Lady, Amen.

Cas. I will go seek him, *Cassio* walk here about,
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

[*Exeunt Desd.
and Emilia.*]

Cas. I humbly thank your Ladiship.

Bian. Save you, friend *Cassio*.

Cas. What make you from home?

How is it with you my most fair *Bianca*?

Indeed, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

Bia. And I was going to your lodging, *Cassio* ;
What keep a week away? seven days and nights,
Eightscore eight hours, and lovers absent hours,
More tedious than the dial, eightscore times,
O weary reckoning!

Cas. Pardon me, *Bianca*,
I have this while with leaden thoughts been prest,
But I shall in a more continuant time,
Strike off this score of absence: sweet *Bianca*,
Take me this work out.

Bia. Oh *Cassio*, whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend;
To the felt absence, now I feel a cause,
Is't come to this? well, well.

Cas. Go to, woman,
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them, you are jealous now,
That this is from some Mistress, some remembrance:
No, in good troth, *Bianca*.

Bia. Why, whose is it?

Cas. I know not, sweet, I found it in my chamber,
I like the work well, e're it be demanded,
As like enough it will, I'de have it coppied,
Take it and do't, and leave me for this time.

Bia. Leave you, wherefore?

Cas. I do attend here on the General,
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.

Bia. Why I pray you?

Cas. Not that I love you not.

Bia. But that you do not love me:

I pray you bring me on the way a little,
And say, if I shall see you soon at night.

Cas. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend here, but I'll see you soon.

Bia. 'Tis very good, I must be circumstanc'd.

[*Enter Bianca.*]

Actus Quartus, Scœna prima.

Enter Jago and Othello.

Jag. Will you think so?

Oth. Think so, Jago.

Jag. What, to kiss in private?

Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiss.

Jag. Or to be naked with her friend abed,
An hour, or more, not meaning any harm?Oth. Naked abed Jago, and not mean harm?
It is hypocrisy against the devil:They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.Jag. So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip,
But if I give my wife a handkerchief.

Oth. What then?

Jag. Why then 'tis hers, my Lord, and being hers,
She may, I think, bestow't on any man.Oth. She is protectress of her honour too,
May she give that?Jag. Her honour is an essence that's not seen,
They have it very off, that have it not:
But for the handkerchief.Oth. By heaven I would most gladly have forgot it:
Thou saidst (O it comes o're my memory,
As doth the Raven o're the infected house,
Boding to all) he had my handkerchief.

Jag. What of that?

Oth. That's not so good now.

Jag. What if I had said I had seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say, (as knaves be such abroad,
Who having by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some Mistress,
Conjured, or supplied them, cannot chuse,
But they must blab.)

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Jag. He hath, my Lord, but be you well assur'd,
No more than he'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said?

Jag. Why that he did — I know not what he did.

Oth. What?

Jag. Lye.

Oth.

Oth. With ?

Jag. With her, on her, what you will.

Oth. Lie with her, lie on her? We say lie on her, when they bely her; lye with her, that's fulsome, handkerchiefs, confession, handkerchiefs: to confess, and be hang'd for his labour, first to be hang'd, and then to confess; I tremble at it: Nature would not invest her self in such shadowing passion, without some instruction: It is not words that shakes me thus, (pish) noses, ears, lips: Is't possible? confess? handkerchief? O devil. [Falls in a trance.

Jag. Work on my medicine, work; thus credulous fools are caught, and many worthy and chaste Dames, even thus (all guiltless) meet reproach: What ho, my Lord, my Lord I say, Othello,—how now Cassio?

Enter Cassio.

Cas. What's the matter?

Jag. My Lord is fallen into an Epilepsy, This is his second fit, he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Jag. No, forbear.

The Lethargy must have his quiet course, If not, he foams at mouth, and by and by Breaks out to savage madness: look, he stirs: Do you withdraw your self a little while, He will recover straight; when he is gone, I would on great occasion speak with you. How is it General, have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

Jag. I mock you, no by heaven, Would you would bear your fortunes like a man.

Oth. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.

Jag. There's many a beast then in a populous City, And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess?

Jag. Good Sir be a man, Think every bearded fellow, that's but yoak'd, May draw with you, there's millions now alive, That nightly lye in those improper beds, Which they dare swear peculiar: your case is better: O 'tis the spite of hell, the fiends arch mock, To lip a wanton in a secure Couch, And to suppose her chaste: No, let me know, And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. O thou art wife, 'tis certain.

Jag. Stand you a while a part, Confine your self but in a patient list, Whilst you were here o'rewhelmed with your grief, (A passion most unsitting such a man,) [Cassio

Cassio came hither, I shifted him away,
And laid good scuse upon your extasy;
Bad him anon return, and here speak with me,
The which he promis'd: But incave your self,
And mark the jars, the gibes, and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He has, and is again to cope your wife:
I say, bat mark his gesture, marry patience,
Or I shall say, you are all in all, in spleen,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, *Jago*,
I will be found most cumping in my patience,
But dost thou hear, most bloody.

Jag. That's not amiss:
But yet keep time in all: will you withdraw?
Now will I question *Cassio* of *Bianca*;
A huswife, that by selling her desires,
Buys her self bread and cloaths: it is a creature,
That dotes on *Cassio*; as 'tis the strumpets plague
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one:
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter: here he comes:
As he shall smile *Othello* shall go mad,
And his unbookish jealousie must conster.
[Enter Cas.]
Poor *Cassio*'s smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong: How do you now, Lieutenant?

Cas. The worser that you give me the addition,
Whose want even kills me.
Jag. Ply *Desdemona* well, and you are sure on't.
Now, if this suit lay in *Bianca*'s power,
How quickly should you speed.

Cas. Alas poor Caitif.

Oth. Look how he laughs already.

Jag. I never knew a woman love man so.

Cas. Alas poor rogue, I think indeed she loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.

Jag. Do you hear *Cassio*?

Oth. Now he importunes him to tell it on;

Go to, well said.

Jag. She gives it out that you shall marry her,

Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Do you triumph Roman, do you triumph?

Cas. I marry her? What? a Customer;

I prithee bear some charity to my wit,

Do

Do not think it so unwholsome : ha, ha, ha.

Oth. So, so, so, so, they laugh that wins.

Jag. Why, the cry goes, that you shall marry her.

Cas. Prethee say true.

Jag. I am a very villain else.

Oth. Ha you scor'd me? well.

Cas. This is the monkies own giving out ; she is perswaded I will marry her out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. Fago beckons me, now he begins the story.

Cas. She was here even now, she haunts me in every place, I was tother day talking on the sea bank with certain *Venetians*, and thither comes this bau-ble, falls me thus about my neck.

Oth. Crying, O dear *Cassio*, as it were : his gesture imports it.

Cas. So hangs and jolls, and weeps upon me, so hales and pulls me, ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Now he tells how she pluckt him to my Chamber :

I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw't to.

Cas. Well, I must leave her company : [Enter Bianca.

Before me, look where she comes,

Tis such another Fitchew ; marry a perfum'd one : What do you mean by this haunting of me ?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you : what did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now ? I was a fine fool to take it ; I must take out the work, a likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there : this is some minxes token, and I must take out the work ; there, give it the hobby-horse ; wheresoever you had it, I'le take out no work on't.

Cas. How now, my sweet *Bianca*, how now, how now ?

Oth. By heaven that should be my handkerchief.

Bia. An you'll come to supper to night, you may; an you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for. [Exit.

Jag. After her, after her.

Cas. I must, she'l rail i'the street else.

Jag. You sup there.

Cas. Yes, I intend so.

Jag. Well, I may chance to see you, for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Prethee come, will you ?

Jag. Go to, say no more.

Oth. How shall I murder him, Jaggo ?

Jag. Did you perceive, how he laughed at his vice ?

Oth. O Jaggo ?

Jag. And did you see the handkerchief ?

Oth. Was that mine ?

I would have him nine years a killing ; a fine woman, a fair woman, a sweet woman.

Jag. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. And let her rot and perish, and be damn'd to night, for she shall not live.

live: no, my heart is turn'd to a stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand: O the world has not a sweeter creature, she might lie by an Emperors side, and command him tasks.

Jag. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I do not say what she is: So delicate with her needle, an admirable Musician; O she will sing the savageness out of a Bear, of so high and plenteous wit and invention.

Jag. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. A thousand thousand times: and then of so gentle a condition.

Jag. I, too gentle.

Oth. Nay that's certain, but yet the pity of it, Jag., oh the pity.

Jag. If you be so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend, for if it touches not you, it comes near no body.

Oth. I will chop her in pieces, — neeckold me!

Jag. O, 'tis foul in her!

Oth. With mine Officer.

Jag. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, Jag., this night Ple not expostulate with her, left her body and beauty unprovide my mind agen, this night, Jag.

Jag. Do it not with poysen, strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good, the justice of it pleases, very good.

Jag. And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker: you shall hear more by midnight.

[A Trumpet.

Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Oth. Excellent good: What Trumpet is that same?

Jag. Something from Venice sure; 'tis Lodovico Come from the Duke, and see, your wife is with him.

Lod. Save you, worthy General.

Oth. With all my heart, Sir.

Lod. The Duke and Senators of Venice greet you.

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

Def. And what's the news, good Cousen Lodovico?

Jag. I am very glad to see you, Seignior: — Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you, how does Lieutenant Cassio?

Jag. Lives, Sir.

Def. Cousen, there's fallen between him and my Lord An unkind breach, but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Def. My Lord.

Oth. This fail you not to do, as you will —

Lod. He did not call, he's busie in the paper: Is there Division 'twixt my Lord and Cassio?

Def.

the Moor of Venice.

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Def. A most unhappy one, I would do much
To attone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.
Oth. Fire and Brimstone.
Def. My Lord.
Oth. Are you wife?
Def. What, is he angry?
Lod. May be the letter mov'd him; how else can his mind
For as I think they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his Government.
Def. Trust me, I am glad on't.
Oth. Indeed.
Def. My Lord.
Oth. I am glad to see you mad.
Def. How, sweet Othello?
Oth. Devil.
Def. I have not deserv'd this.
Lod. My Lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,
Tho' I should swear I saw't: 'tis very much,
Make her amends, she weeps.
Oth. O Devil, Devil,
If that the earth could teem with womens tears,
Each drops she falls would prove a Crocodile;
Out of my sight.
Def. I will not stay to offend you.
Lod. Truly an obedient Lady: but whereon wait I now? and what
I do beseech your Lordship call her back.
Oth. Mistress.
Def. My Lord.
Oth. What would you with her, Sir?
Lod. Who I, my Lord?
Oth. I, you did wish that I would make her turn:
Sir she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again, and she can weep, Sir, weep;
And she's obedient, as you say obedient,
Very obedient, proceed you in your tears,
Concerning this, Sir: O well painted passion!
I am commanded home: — get you away,
I'll send for you anon: — Sir, I obey the Mandate,
And will return to Venice: — hence, avant,
Cassio shall have my place, and, Sir, to night
I do intreat that we may sup together.
You are welcome, Sir, to Cyprus, — goats and monkies.
Lod. Is this the noble Moor, whom our full Senate
Call all in all sufficient? This the noble nature,
Whom passion could not shake? Whose solid virtue
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance
Could neither graze nor pierce?

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OTHELLO,

Jag. He is much changed.

Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

Jag. He's that he is, I may not breath my censure,
What he might be, if what he might be he is not,
I would to heaven he were.

Lod. What, strike his Wife!

Jag. Faith that was not so well; yet would I knew
That stroak would prove the work.

Lod. Is it his use?

Or did the Letters work upon his blood,
And new create this fault?

Jag. Alas, alas:

It is not honesty in me to speak
What I have seen and known; you shall observe,
And his own courses will denote him so,
That I may save my speech: do but go after him,
And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry that I am deceiv'd in him.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Othello and Emilia.

Oth. You have seen nothing then.

Em. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, and you have seen Cassio and she together.

Em. But then I saw no harm, and then I heard
Each syllable that breath made up between 'em.

Oth. What, did they never whisper?

Em. Never, my Lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o'the way?

Em. Never.

Oth. To fetch her Fan, her Mask, her Gloves, nor nothing.

Em. Never, my Lord.

Oth. That's strange.

Em. I durst my Lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your thought, it doth abuse your bosom,
If any wretch ha' put this in your head,
Let heaven require it with the Serpents curse,
For if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy, the purest of their wifes,
Is foul as slander.

[Exit Emilia.]

Oth. Bid her come hither, go,
She says enough, yet she's a simple Bawd,
That cannot say as much, this is a subtle Whore,
A closet lock and key, of villanous secrets,
And yet she'll kneel and pray, I ha' seen her do't.

[Enter]

the Moor of Venice.

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Enter Desdemona, and Emilia.

Des. My Lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray chuck come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your eyes——look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this?

Oth. Some of your function Mistress,

Leave procreants alone, and shut the door,

Coff, or cry hem, if any body come,

Your Mistress, your Mistress; nay dispatch.

Des. Upon my knees, What does your speech import?

I understand a fury in your words,

But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou?

Des. Your wife my Lord, your true and loyal Wife.

Oth. Come, swear it, dam thy self,

Lest being like one of heaven, the devils themselves

Should fear to seize thee, therefore be double damn'd;

Swear thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom, my Lord, with whom? how am I false?

Oth. O Desdemona, away, away, away.

Des. Alas the heavy day, why do you weep?

Am I the occasion of those tears, my Lord?

If haply you my father do suspect,

An instrument of this your calling back,

Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,

Why I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heaven

To try me with affliction, had he rain'd

All kinds of sores, and shames on my bare head,

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,

Given to captivity, me and my hopes,

I should have found in some part of my soul

A drop of patience; but alas to make me

A fixed figure, for the time of scorn,

To point his slow unmoving finger at——oh, oh,

Yet could I bear that too, well, very well.

But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,

Where either I must live, or bear no life,

The fountain from the which my current runs,

Or else dries up, to be discarded thence,

Or keep it as a Cestern, for foul Toads

To knot and gender in: turn thy complexion there,

O T H E L L O,

Patience thy young and rose-lip'd Cherubin,
I here look grim as hell.

Def. I hope my noble Lord esteems me honest?

Oth. O I, as summers flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing:
O thou black weed, why art so lovely fair?
Thou smell'st so sweet, that the fencelakes at thee,
Would thou hadst ne're been born.

Def. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write where upon? — What committed?
Committed: Oh thou publick Commoner;
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds: what committed?
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the Moon winks;
The baudy wind that kisses all it meets,
Is hush't within the hallow Mine of earth,
And will not hear't: — what committed — impudent strumpet!

Def. By heaven you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Def. No, as I am a Christian: If to preserve this vessel for my Lord,
From any other foal unlawful touch,
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Def. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is't possible?

Def. O heaven forgive us.

Oth. I cry you mercy then, I took you for that cunning whore of *Venice*. [Enter *Emilia*.
That married with *Othello*: You Mistres, That have the office opposite to *St. Peter*, And keeps the gates in hell; you, you, I you; We ha'done our course: there's money for your pains, I pray you turn the key, and keep our counsel. [Exit.

Em. Alas, what does this Gentleman conceive? How do you, Madam? how do you, my good Lady?

Def. Faith half a sleep.

Em. Good Madam, what's the matter with my Lord?

Def. With who?

Em. Why, with my Lord, Madam.

Def. Who is thy Lord?

Em. Hethat is yours, sweet Lady.

Def. I ha'none, do not talk to me *Emilia*; I cannot weep, nor answer have I none, But what should go by water: prethee to night

the Moor of Venice.

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Lay on my bed my wedding-sheets, remember,
And call thy husband hither.

Em. Here is a change indeed.

Def. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet,
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my least mische?

[Exit.]

Jag. What is your pleasure, Madam?
How is't with you?

Def. I cannot tell, those that do teach young babes,
Do it with gentle means, and easie tasks ;
He might ha' chid me so, for in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Jag. What is the matter, Lady?

Em. Alas, *Jago*, my Lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despite and heavy tearms upon her
As true hearts cannot bear.

Def. Am I that name, *Jago*?

Jag. What name, fair Lady?

Def. Such as she says, my Lord did say I was.

Em. He call'd her whore ; a beggar in his drink
Could not have laid such tearms upon his Callet.

Jag. Why did he so ?

Def. I do not know, I am sure I am none such.

Jag. Do not weep, do not weep : alas the day.

Em. Has she forsook so many noble matches,
Her Father, and her Country, and her Friends,
To be call'd whore ? would it not make one weep ?

Def. It is my wretched fortune.

Jag. Beshrew him for it : how comes this trick upon him ?

Def. Nay, heaven doth know.

Em. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busie and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, couzening slave, to get some office,
Have not devis'd this slander, I'll be hang'd else.

Jag. Fie, there is no such man, it is impossible.

Def. If any such there are, heaven pardon him.

Em. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones !
Why should he call her whore ? who keeps her company ?
What place, what time, what form, what likelihood ?
The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow,
O heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal naked through the world,
Even from the east to th' west.

Jag. Speak within doors.

Em. O fie upon him ; some such Squire he was.

That turn'd your wit, the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Jag. You are a fool, go to.

Def. O good Jago,
What shall I do to win my Lord again?
Good friend go to him, for by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him.

Here I kneel :

If e're my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse, or thought, or actual deed,
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any fence,
Delighted them in any other form ;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will (though he do shake me off
To beggerly divorcement,) love him dearly :
Comfort forswear me ; unkindness may do much,
And his unkindness may defeat my Life,
But never taint my love, I cannot say whore,
It doth abhor me, now I speak the word,
To do the act, that might th' addition earn,
Not the worlds mass of vanity could make me.

Jag. I pray you be content, 'tis but his humour,
The busyness of the State does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Def. If 'twere no other.

Jag. 'Tis but so, I warrant you :
Hark how these instruments summon you to supper.
The meat, great Messengers of Venice stay ;
Go in, and weep not, all things shall be well.

How now Roderigo ?

[Exit woman.] [Enter Roderigo.]

Rod. I do not find that thou deal'st justly with me.

Jag. What in the contrary ?

Rod. Every day thou doffest me with some device, Jago, and rather as it seems to me now, keep'st from me all convenience, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope : I will indeed no longer endure it, nor am I yet persuad'd to put up in peace, what already I have foolishly suffered.

Jag. Will you hear me, Roderigo ?

Rod. Sir I have heard too much,
For your words and performance
Are no kin together.

Jag. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth : I have wasted my self out of means ; the Jewels you have had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a Voterist : you have told me she has receiv'd 'em, and return'd the expectation, and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance, but I find none.

Jag. Well, go to, very well.

Rod.

the Moor of Venice

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Rod. Very well, go to, I cannot go to (man,) nor 'tis not very well; I say 'tis very scurvy, and begin to find my self fopt in it,

Jag. Very well.

Rod. I say it is not very well: I will make my self known to Desdemona; if she will return me my Jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation, if not, assure your self, I'll seek satisfaction of you.

Jag. You have said now.

Rod. I, and said nothing, but what I protest entendment of doing.

Jag. Why now I see there's mettle in thee, and even from this instant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before; give me thy hand, Roderigo: Thou hast taken against mea most just conception, but yet I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Jag. I grant indeed it hath not appear'd, and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment: But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now, than ever, I mean, purpose, courage, and valour; this night shew it; if thou the next night following enjoyest not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, is it within reason and compas?

Jag. Sir, there is special commission come from Venice, To depute Cassio in Othello's Place.

Rod. Is that true? why then Othello and Desdemona Return again to Venice.

Jag. O no, he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him: The fair Desdemona, unless his abode be linger'd Here by some accident, wherein none can be so determinate, As the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean removing of him?

Jag. Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place, Knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do.

Jag. I, and if you dare do your self a profit and right: he sups to night with a harlotry, and thither will I go to him; — he knows not yet of his honourable fortune: if you will watch his going thence, which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one, you may take him at your pleasure: I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us: come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me, I will shew you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think your self bound to put it on him. It is now high supper time, and the night grows to waste: about it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Jag. And you shall be satisfied.

[Exult.

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Lodovico, Emilia,
and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you Sir, trouble your self no further.

Oth. O pardon me, it shall do me good to walk.

Lod.

Lod. Madam, good night, I humbly thank your Ladiship.

Def. Your Honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, Sir: — O Desdemona.

Def. My Lord.

Oth. Get you to bed o'the instant, I will be return'd, forthwith dispatch your Attendant there. — look it be done.

Def. I will, my Lord.

Em. How does it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Def. He says he will return incontinent:

He hath commanded me to go to bed, And bid me to dismiss you.

Em. Dismiss me?

Def. It was his bidding, therefore good Emilia, Give me my nighty, wearing, and adies, We must not now displease him.

Em. Would you had never seen him.

Def. So would not I, my love doth so approve him, That even his stubbornness, his checks and frowns, (Prethee unpin me) have grace and favour in them.

Em. I have laid those sheets you bad me on the bed.

Def. All's one, good father; how foolish are our minds, If I do die before thee, prethee shroud me In one of those same sheets.

Em. Come, come, you talk.

Def. My mother had a Maid call'd *Barbary*, She was in love, and he she lov'd prov'd mad, And did forsake her; she had a Song of willow, An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune, And she died singing it, that song to night Will not go from my mind:

I have much to do.

But to go hang my head all at one side, and sing it like poor *Barbary*; prethee dispatch.

Em. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Def. No, unpin me here.

This Lodovico is a proper man.

Em. A very handsome man.

Def. He speaks well.

Em. I know a Lady in *Venice*, would have walk'd barefooted to *Palestine* for a touch of his neither lip.

Desdemona sings.

The poor soul sat sighing by a sicamore-tree,

Sing all a green willow,

Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,

Sing willow, willow, willow;

The

the Moor of Venice.

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The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans,
sing willow, willow, willow,
Her salt tears fell from her, which softned the stones,
sing willow, &c. (Lay by these)
willow, willow.

(Prithee hie thee, he'll come anon.)

Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

Let no body blame him, his scorn I approve :
(Nay, that's not next: hark, who's that knocks?)

Em. 'Tis the wind.

Def. I call'd my Love false, but what said he then ?
sing willow, willow, willow,
If I court mo' women, you'l couch with mo' men.
So, get thee gone, good night, mine eyes do itch,
Does that bode weeping?

Em. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Def. I have heard it said so : O these men, these men :
Dost thou in conscience think (tell me Emilia,) That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kinds ?

Em. There be some such, no question.

Def. Wouldst thou do such a thing, for all the world ?

Em. Why, would not you ?

Def. No, by this heavenly light.

Em. Nor I neither, by this heavenly light,

I might as well do it in the dark.

Def. Wouldst thou do such a deed, for all the world ?

Em. The world is a huge thing, it is a great price
For a small vice.

Def. In troth I think thou wouldst not.

Em. In troth I think I should, and uado't when I had done it, marry
I would not do such a thing for a joyn't-ring, or for measures of Lawn, nor for
Gowns, Petticots, or Caps, nor any petty exhibition : but for the whole world :
why who would not make her husband a Cuckold to make him a Monarch ? I
should venture purgatory for it.

Def. Beshrew me, if I would do such wrong
For the whole world.

Em. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th' world ; and having the world
for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make
it right.

Def. I do not think there is any such woman.

Em. Yes, a dozen, and as many to the vantage, as would store the world
they played for.
But I do think it is their husbands faults,
If wives do fall : (say that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps,

Or

Or else break out in peevish jealousies, bairn and ye have caused them selfe
 Throwing restraint upon us: or say they strike us, goddesse goddesse goddesse
 Or scant our former having in despight, and weare like men that will
 Why we have galls, and though we have some grace, goddesse goddesse
 Yet have we some revenge: Let husbands know
 Their wives have fense like them; they see, and smell, goddesse goddesse
 And have their pallats both for sweet and sorrow, goddesse goddesse
 As husbands have: what is it that they do,
 When they change us for others? is it sport? goddesse goddesse
 I think it is; and doth affection breed it? goddesse goddesse
 I think it doth; is't frailty that thus errs?
 It is so too; and have not we affections?
 Desires for sport? and frailty as men have?
 Then let 'em use us well, else let 'em know,
 The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

Des. Good night, good night, heaven me such uses send,
 Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend. [Exit.]

Actus Quintus, Scena prima.

Enter Jago and Roderigo.

Jag. **H**ere stand behind this bulk, straight will he come,
 Wear thy good Rapier bare, and put it home,
 Quick, quick, fear nothing, I'll be at thy elbow:
 It makes us, or it marrs us, think of that,
 And fix more firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand, I may miscarry int.

Jag. Here at thy hand, be bold and take thy stand.

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;
 And yet he has given me satisfying reasons;
 'Tis but a man gon: forth my sword, he dies.

Jag. I have rub'd this young Quat almost to the sense,
 And he grows angry, now, whether he kill *Cassio*,
 Or *Cassio* him, or each do kill the other,
 Every way makes my game; live *Roderigo*,
 He calls me to a restitution large,
 For Gold and Jewels that I bob'd from him,

As gifts to *Desdemona*:
 It must not be: if *Cassio* do remain,
 He has a dayly beauty in his life,
 That makes me ugly: and besides the Moor
 May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril:

the Moor of Venice.

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No, he must die, be't so, I hear him coming.

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gate, 'tis he; villain thou diest.

Cas. That thrust had been my enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou know'st;
I will make proof of thine.

Rod. O, I am slain.

Cas. I am maim'd for ever, light ho, murder.

Enter Othello.

Oth. The voice of Cassio, Jago keeps his word.

Rod. O Villain, that I am.

Oth. Hark, 'tis even so.

Cas. O help ho, light, a Surgeon.

Oth. 'Tis he, O brave Jago, honest and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friends wrong,
Thou teachest me; ——— minion, your Dear lies dead,
And your unblest fate hies; strumpet I come,
Forth of my heart, those charms, thine eyes, are blotted,
Thy bed lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted.

[Ex.]

Enter Lodovico and Gratiano.

Cas. What ho, no watch, no passage, murder, murder,

Gra. 'Tis some mischance, the cry is very direful.

Cas. O help.

Lod. Hark.

Lod. O wretched villain.

Lod. Two or three groans, it is a heavy night;
These may be counterfeits, let's think't unsafe

To come into the cry without more help.

Rod. No body come, then shall I bleed to death.

Enter Jago with a Light.

Lod. Hark.

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with lights and weapons.

Jag. Who's there? whose noise is this that cries out murder?

Lod. I do not know.

Jag. Did not you hear a cry?

Cas. Here, here, for heavens sake help me.

Jag. What's the matter?

Gra. This is Othello's Ancient as I take it.

Lod. The same indeed, a very valiant fellow.

Jag. What are you here that cry so grievously?

K

Cas.

O T H E L L O,

Cas. Fago, O I am spoil'd, undone by villains,
Give me some help.

Fag. O me, Lieutenant, what villains have done this?

Cas. I think the one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make a way.

Fag. O treacherous villains! What are you there? come in and give some help.

Rod. O help me here.

Cas. That's one of 'em.

Fag. O murderous slave, O villain! [Thrust him in.]

Rod. O damn'd Fago, O inhuman dog, — o, o, o.

Fag. Kill men i'th' dark? where be those bloody thieves?
How silent is this Town? Ho, murder, murder:

What may you be? are you of good or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, — praise us.

Fag. Seignior Lodovico.

Lod. He, Sir.

Fag. I cry you mercy: here's *Cassio* hurt by villains.

Gra. Cassio.

Fag. How is it brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Fag. Marry heaven forbid.

Light Gentlemen, Ho bind it with my shirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bia. What is the matter ho, who is that cried?

Fag. Who is't that cried?

Bia. O my dear *Cassio*, O my sweet *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*.

Fag. O notable strumpet: *Cassio*, may you suspect

Who they should be that thus have mangled you?

Cas. No.

Gra. I am sorry to find you thus, I have been to seek you.

Fag. Lend me a garter, so: — ho for a chair to bear him easily hence.

Bia. Alas he faints; O *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*.

Fag. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this *Trash*:

To bear a part in this injury: patience a while good *Cassio*:

Come, come, lend me a light:

Know we this face, or no?

Alas my friend, and my dear country-man:

Roderigo? no, yes sure; yes, 'tis *Roderigo*.

Gra. What, of *Venice*?

Fag. Even he, Sir, did you know him?

Gra. Know him? I.

Fag. Seignior *Gratiano*, I cry you gentle pardon:

These bloody accidents must excuse my manners:

That so neglected you.

Gra.

the Moor of Venice.

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Gra. I am glad to see you.

Jag. How do you, Cassio? O, a chair, a chair,

Gra. Roderigo?

Jag. He, 'tis he: O that's well said, a chair:

Some good man bear him carefully from hence,

I'le fetch the General's Surgeon: for you, Mistress,

Save you your labour; he that lies slain here, (Cassio,) [Act 3. Sc. 1.]

Was my dear friend; what malice was betwixt you?

Cas. None in the world, nor do I know the man.

Jag. What, look you pale? O bear him out o'th' air.

Stay you good Gentlewoman, look you pale, Mistress?

Do you perceive the gestures of her eye?

Nay, an you stir, we shall have more anon:

Behold her well I pray you, look upon her,

Do you see Gentlemen? nay guiltiness

Will speak, though tongues were out of use.

[Enter Emil.

Em. 'Las what's the matter? what's the matter husband?

Jag. Cassio has been set on in the dark,

By Roderigo, and fellows that are scap't,

He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Em. Alas good Gentleman, alas good Cassio.

Jag. This is the fruit of whoring; prithee Emilia,

Go know of Cassio where he suft to night,

What, do you shake at that?

Bia. He suft at my house, but I therefore shake not.

Jag. O did he so, I charge you go with me.

Em. Fie upon thee, strumpet.

Bia. I am no strumpet, but of life as honest,

As you that abuse me.

Em. As I ; now fie upon thee.

Jag. Kind Gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio drest;

Come Mistress, you must tell's another tale.

Emilia, run you to the Citadel,

And tell my Lord and Lady what has hapt:

Will you go on, I pray? this is the night,

That either makes me, or foredoes me quite.

[Exeunt.

Enter Othello with a light, and Desdemona in her bed.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,

Let me not name it to you, you chaff stars:

It is the cause, yet I'le not shed her blood,

Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,

And smooth as monumental alabaster;

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men,

Put out the light, and then put out the light:

If I quench thee, thou flaming Minister,

O T H E L L O,

I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me; but once put out thine,
Thou cunningst pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Prometian heat
That can thy light relumine: when I have plukt the rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It must needs wither; I'll smell it on the tree,
A balmy breath, that does almost persuade
Justice her self to break her sword; one more;
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after; one more, and this the last:
So sweet was ne're so fatal: I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heavenly.
It strikes where it does love: she wakes.

[kisses her.]

Def. Who's there? *Othello?**Oth.* I, *Desdemona*.*Def.* Will you come to bed my Lord?*Oth.* Have you prayed to night, *Desdemona*?*Def.* I, my Lord.

Oth. If you bethink your self of any crime,
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Sollicite for it straight.

Def. Alas my Lord, what do you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief, I will walk by,
I will not kill thy unprepared spirit,
No, heaven forefend, I would not kill thy soul.

Def. Talk you of killing?*Oth.* I, I do.*Def.* Then heaven have mercy on me.*Oth.* Amen, with all my heart.*Def.* If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.*Oth.* Hum.

Def. And yet I fear you, for y're fatal then
When your eyes roul so: why I should fear, I know not,
Since guiltiness I know not, but yet I feel I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.*Def.* They are loves I bear to you.*Oth.* And for that thou diest.*Def.* That death's unnatural, that kills for loving;

Alas, why gnaw you so your neather lip:
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame,
These are portents: but yet I hope
They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still.*Def.* I will so, what's the matter?

Oth. That handkerchief which I so lov'd and gave thee,
Thou gavest to *Cassio*.

Def.

the Moor of Venice.

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Des. No, by my life and soul,
Send for the man, and ask him.

Oth. Sweet Soul take heed, take heed of perjury,
Thou art on thy death-bed.

Des. I, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently :
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin,
For to deny each article with oath
Cannot remove, nor choak the strong conception
That I do groan withal : thou art to die.

Des. Then Lord have mercy on me.

Oth. I say, Amen.

Des. And have you mercy too.
never did offend you in my life,—never lov'd Cassio,
but with such general warranty of heaven,
as I might love ; I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven I saw my handkerchief in his hand :
A perjur'd woman, thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice ;
I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then,
never gave it him, send for him hither.
Let him confess a truth.

Oth. He has confess ?

Des. What, my Lord ?

Oth. That he hath — used thee.

Des. How, unlawfully ?

Oth. I.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No his mouth is stop'd.
Honest Jago hath ta'ne order for't.

Des. My fear interprets then, — what is he dead ?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives,
My great revenge had stomach for em all.

Des. Alas he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. O strumpet, — weepest thou for him to my face.

Des. O banish me my Lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down strumpet.

Des. Kill me to morrow, let me live to night.

Oth. Nay, an you strive.

Des. But half an hour.

Oth. Being done there is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer.

Oth. 'Tis too late.

Em. My Lord, my Lord, what ho, my Lord, my Lord.

Oth. What voice is this ? not dead ? not yet dead ?

[The stripes her.
Emilia calls within.]

O THE OLOLIO,

I that am cruel, am yet merciful,
I would not have thee linger in thy pain;

Em. What ho, my Lord, my Lord! Who's there?

Oth. Who's there?

Em. O good my Lord, I'd speak a word with you.

Oth. Yes, 'tis *Emilia*, by and by, she's dead:

'Tis like she comes to speak of *Cassio's* death.
The noise was here; ho, no more moving,
Still as the grave; shall the going in? we're good.

I think she stirs again; no, what's the best?

If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife.

My wife, my wife, what wife? I ha no wife:

O insupportable; O heavy hour.

Methinks it should be now a huge Eclipse
Of Sun and Moon, and that the affrighted Globe

Should yawn at alteration.

Em. I do beseech you I may speak with you, O good my Lord.

Oth. I had forgotten thee: come in *Emilia*:

Soft, by and by; let me the curtains draw.

Enter Emilia. Where art thou? what's the matter with thee now?

Em. O my good Lord, yonder's foul murders done.

Oth. What? now?

Em. But now, my Lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the Moon,
She comes more near the earth than she was wont;

And makes men mad.

Em. *Cassio*, my Lord, has kill'd a young *Venetian*,

Call'd *Roderigo*.

Oth. *Roderigo* kill'd, and *Cassio* kill'd?

Em. No, *Cassio*, is not kill'd.

Oth. Not *Cassio* kill'd? then murther's out of tune,

And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Def. O falsely, falsely murdered.

Em. Alas, what cry is that?

Oth. That, what?

Em. Out and alas, it was my Ladies voice.

Help, help, ho help, O Lady speak again,

Sweet *Desdemona*, O sweet Mistress, speak.

Def. A guiltless death I die.

Em. O who has done this deed?

Def. No body, I my self, farewell?

Commend me to my kind Lord, O farewell.

Oth. Why how should she be murdered?

Em. Alas, who knows?

Oth. You heard her say her self, it was not I.

Em. She said so, I must needs report a truth.

Oth. She's like a lyar gon to burning hell,

'Twas

[She dies.]

the Moor of Venice.

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'Twas I that kill'd her.

Em. O, the more Angel she,
And you the blacker devil.

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Em. Thou dost belye her, and thou art a devil.

Oth. She was false as water.

Em. Thou art rath as fire,

To say that she was false: O she was heavenly true.

Oth. *Cassio* did top her, ask thy husband else,
O I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity, thy husband knew it all.

Em. My husband.

Oth. Thy husband.

Em. That she was false to wedlock?

Oth. I, with *Cassio*: nay, had she bin true,
If heaven would make me such another world,
Of one intire and perfect Crisolite,

I'de not have sold her for it.

Em. My husband?

Oth. I, 'twas he that told me first;

An honest man he is, and hates the slime

That sticks on filthy deeds.

Em. My husband?

Oth. What needs this iteration? woman, I say thy husband.

Em. Oh Mistres, villany hath made mocks with love:
My husband say that she was false?

Oth. He woman, I say thy husband; dost understand the word?

My friend, thy husband, honest, honest *Jago*.

Em. If he say so, may his pernicious foul
Rot half a grain a day: he lies to th' heart,
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha?

Em. Do thy worst;
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Em. Thou hast not half the power to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt: O gull, O dolt,
As ignorant as durt; thou hast done a deed—
I care not for thy sword, I'le make thee know,
Tho' I lost twenty lives: help, help, O help:
The Moor has kill'd my Mistres, murder, murder.

Enter *Montanio*, *Gratiano*, *Jago*, and others.

Mon. What is the matter? how now General?

Em.

Em. O, are you come, *Jago?* you have done well,
That men must lay their murder on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Em. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man;
He says thou toldst him that his wife was false;
I know thou didst not, thou art not such a villain;
Speak, for my heart is full.

Jag. I told him what I thought, and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Em. But did you ever tell him she was false?

Jag. I did.

Em. You told a lie, an odious damn'd lie;
Upon my soul a lie, a wicked lie;
She false with *Cassio*; did you say with *Cassio*?

Jag. With *Cassio*, Mistress; go to, charm your tongue.

Em. I will not charm my tongue, I am bound to speak:
My Mistress here lies murdered in her bed.

All. Oh heaven forefend.

Em. And your reports have set the murder on.

Oth. Nay, stare not masters, it is true indeed.

Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.

Mon. O monstrous act!

Em. Villany, villany, villany;
I think upon't, I think I smell a villany;
I thought so then; I'll kill my self for grief,
O villany, villany.

Jag. What are you mad? I charge you get you home.

Em. Good Gentlemen let me have leave to speak;
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now,
Perhaps, *Jago*, I will ne're go home.

Oth. Oh, ho, ho.

Em. Nay, lay thee down, and roar,
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent

That e're did lift up eye.

Oth. O she was foul: I scarce did know you Uncle, there lies your Niece,
Whose breath indeed, these hands have newly stopt;

I know this act shews terrible and grim.

Gr. Poor Desdemona, I am glad thy father's dead,
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turn,
Yea, curse his better Angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation.

Oth. 'Tis pittiful, but yet *Jago* knows,
That she with *Cassio*, had the act of shame
A thousand times committed; *Cassio* confess it:

And

the Moor of Venice.

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And she did gratifie his amorous works,
With that recognisance and pledge of love,
Which I first gave her ; I saw it in his hand,
It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My Father gave my Mother.

Em. O heaven, O heavenly powers.

Jag. Come, hold your peace.

Em. 'Twill out, 'twill out : I hold my peace, Sir, no,
I'le be in speaking, liberal as the north;
Let heaven, and men, and devils, let 'em all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'le speak.

Jag. Be wise, and get you home.

Em. I will not.

Gra. Fie, your sword upon a woman ?

Em. O thou dull Moor, that handkerchief thou speak'st on,
I found by fortune, and did give my husband :
For often with a solemn earnestness,
(More than indeed belong'd to such a trifle,) He beg'd of me to steal it.

Jag. Villanous whore.

Em. She gave it *Cassio* ? no, alas ! I found it,
And I did giv't my husband.

Jag. Filth, thou liest.

Em. By heaven I do not, I do not Gentlemen,
O murderous Coxcomb ! what should such a fool
Do with so good a woman ?

The Moor runs at Jago. Jago kills his wife.

Oth. Are there no stones in heaven,
But what serves for the thunder ? pernicious villain.

Gra. The woman falls, sure he has kill'd his wife.

Em. I, I, O lay me by my Mistress side.

Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain, take your weapon,
Which I have here recovered from the Moor :
Come, guard the door without, let him not pass,
But kill him rather ; I'le after that same villain,
For 'tis a damn'd slave.

[Exit Mont. and Gratiano.]

Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword :
But why should honour out-live honesty ?
Let it go all.

Em. What did thy song bode Lady ?
Hark, canst thou hear me ? I will play the Swan,
And die in musick ; willow, willow, willow,
Moor, she was chaste, she lov'd the cruel Moor,

O TH NE OLO MO

So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true,
So speaking as I think, I die, I die.

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber;
It is a sword of Spain, the Isbrooks temper.
O here it is; Uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear,
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak to me,
Or naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold, I have a weapon,
A better never did it self sustain
Upon a Souldiers thigh: I have seen the day,
That with this little arm, and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments,
Then twenty times your stop: but O vain boast,
Who can controul his fate? 'tis not so now,
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd,
Here is my journeys end, here is my Butt,
The very sea-mark of my utmost sail.

Do you go back dismaid? 'tis a lost fear,
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires. Where should Othello go?
How dost thou look now? O ill-star'd wench,
Pale as thy smock; when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it: cold, cold, my Girl,

Even like thy chastity: O cursed slave!

Whip me you devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight,
Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulphur,
Wash me in steep down gulps of liquid fire,
O Desdemona, Desdemona; dead, O, O, O.

Enter Lodovico, Montanio, and Officers.

Cassio in a Chair.

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

Oth. That's he that was Othello, here I am.

Lod. Where is that Viper? bring the villain forth.

Oth. I look down towards his feet, but that's a fable,
If that thou be'st a devil I cannot kill thee.

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Jag. I bleed Sir, but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither, Pde have thee live,
For in my sense 'tis happiness to die.

Lod. O thou Othello, that wert once so good,

O T H E L I O , or

That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his: You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian State; come bring him away.

Oth. Soft you, a word or two before you go;
I have done the State some service, and they know't:
No more of that: I pray you in your Letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down ought in malice: then you must speak
Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well:
Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought,
Perplexed in the extremest of one whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a Pearl away,
Richer than all his Tribe: of one whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears, as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum: See you down this;
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a Malignant and a Turkish beldy
Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the State;
I took byth' throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him thus.

[He stabs himself.]

Lod. O bloody period.

Gra. All that's spoke is manifold hidious stord wond.
Oth. I kist thee e're I kill'd thee, no way but this;
Killing my self, to die upon a kill.

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon,
For he was great of heart.

Lod. O Spartane dog,
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the Sea,
Look on the tragick lodging of this bed,
This is thy work: the object poisons sight,
Let it be hid: Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed to you: To you Lord Governour,
Remains the fensure of this hellish villain,
The time, the place, the torture; O enforce it,
Myself will straight aboard, and to the State,
This heavy act, with heavy heart relate.

[Exeunt omnes.]

F I N I S .